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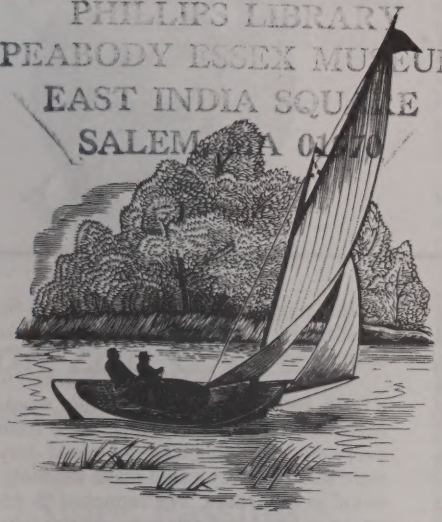
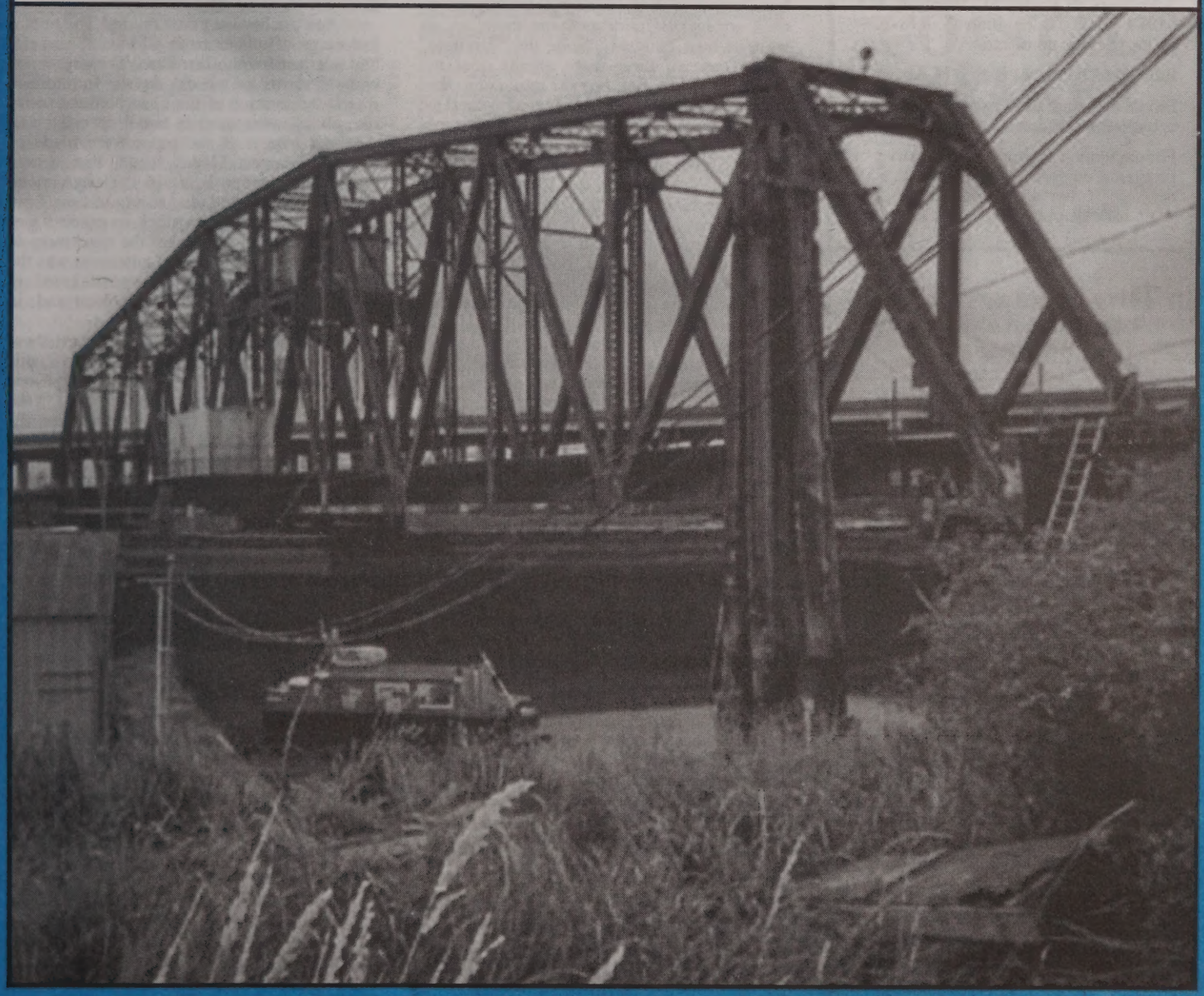


messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue
"Paddling Cape Lookout" - "Search for Serenity"
"Outrageous Outriggers" - "Crawling"

Volume 22 - Number 20

March 1, 2005



messing about in BOATS
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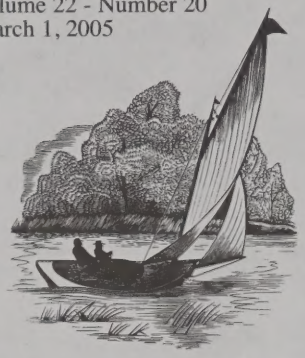

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

In mid-January, shortly before writing this commentary, I had an opportunity to visit a factory in nearby Gloucester, Massachusetts, which builds classic pipe organs for clients all over the world. They had just completed their 124th instrument, this one for Christ Episcopal Church in Roanoke, Virginia, and prior to dismantling it for shipment south in two 50' furniture vans, invited the interested public to view it and the processes that go into building these ancient instruments today.

Yes, I know, this has nothing to do with messing about in boats, but as I became aware of how they do what they do I realized that here was a craft as ancient (pipe organs go back to 1500BC), or perhaps more so, as wooden boat building. While the "furniture" part of one of these huge organs does not involve turning flat boards into compound curved creations, building and adjusting the working parts of the instrument, mainly pipes and the various valving that controls how they "speak," relies on human beings rather than on electronic instruments and computer controlled machines to do the job, not unlike traditional boat building

Two examples: Each of the many, many pipes in each organ is finely tuned so it "speaks" with the proper "voice" by ear. This takes about six months when the organ has been installed in place. A couple of techies on the guided tour expressed amazement that this was not monitored with an oscilloscope to measure the exact cycles per second. Our guide, one of the management people, smiled and replied, "Well, oscilloscopes don't listen to organs, people do."

Then, while explaining how the molten alloy sheets used to fabricate most of the pipes (lead with a touch of antimony and tin) were cast to the desired thickness into thin sheets 3' wide by 16' long on a long granite table, our guide showed how the molten metal was poured into a travelling trough with a gap at the bottom of its back edge set for the desired thickness and then moved along the 16' table by two workers at a speed they judged to be "about right" to lay down the desired thickness of still molten metal. And, he further explained, if it was desired that this sheet not be uniform in thickness but rather taper to a thinner measurement along its length, the workers just walked faster as they went along.

I was charmed! How great, permitting the people doing the work to determine the results rather than having some computerized gizmo running a motorized casting table. Here was an analogy to traditional wooden boat building where people make the parts and fit them together by eye into a whole that works as desired.

Any of you who have undertaken to build a boat, however modest in scale, would have loved the woodshop, a huge open room with every woodworking tool one could desire. We were told that they could make anything out of wood in that room. We happened to get hung up on a huge old cast iron shaper, about the right size for a boat shop, with a big old 2hp motor driving it. It was about 100 years old, we learned, and was just so good at its work that there was no reason to consider replacing it.

And the lumber pile. Oh, my! They use a full range of woods from all over the world, and not just for the furniture. The organ just completed was of red oak for the furniture to match the interior of the church. But exotics like ebony were used in small special parts. And the largest of the pipes were made of wood, the largest 32' tall for the lowest note the human ear can hear, 16 cycles. A metal pipe that long would tend to sag in time from its own weight. All the stock in process was stacked about the shop near the machinery to be used next, and out in an anteroom was the as yet unscheduled inventory stickered in stacks. What lovely stuff to look at and, in some cases, inhale the aroma.

Sort of like a serious level boatyard, there are normally three organs in the works, one being pre-assembled prior to delivery, one having its parts fabricated, and the third in the design shop. Each of the 124 organs that the firm has built (two to three a year) is custom designed to meet the customer's desired organ characteristics as a musical instrument and to match its appearance to the facility into which it will go. The design shop builds a scale model organ, 3/4":1' into a scale replica of the part of the building into which the organ will be installed before fabrication begins on the full size organ.

There is an interesting reason for this choice of scale. The distance from the chin to the eyes at this scale approximates the scale height of a 6' person. Chairs are arranged at the edge of the table on which the model rests at a height permitting viewers to sit comfortably and rest their chins on the floor of the model building and view the model organ in place as if they were standing in the full scale structure. "It's far more evocative of just how it will appear than any computer generated image on a screen," our guide informed us.

On the Cover...

Bryan Lowe chose to build Phil Thiel's canal cruiser Escargot as his means for seeking serenity on Washington's Snohomish and Skagit rivers and connecting backwaters and tells us how it worked out for him in this issue.

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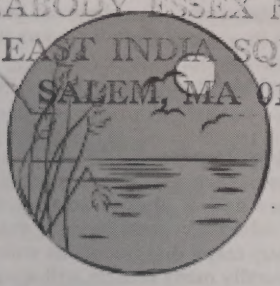


Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Ships Passing in the Night

My mother Gini calls us with the most interesting tidbits. We used to call her Mrs. Kent as she was a direct conduit for weather information while the children were small and she felt I needed guidance as to how many layers to bundle them in after the autumnal equinox. Don Kent had long retired from broadcasting New England weather, but she has a knack for distilling reports from several sources and getting it right 95% of the time, so we listened to her analysis. Last evening I got a call to alert me to the Space Station passing overhead.

I can recall vividly the family standing in the back driveway in early October 1957, necks crinked to spot the portentous symbol of the cold war, Sputnik. Even the wildlife in the bordering meadows were hushed as the Russian satellite coursed over our home. Here now is a new satellite, still connected to Russia but shared by us and the other western cultures interested in science.

Off on the horizon there were three bright lights. They were too far away to get a good image of, but from past night's binocular-enhanced observations I knew that the lights signified that the trawler fleet was out dragging its nets across the sea. Insect-like booms extended from their sides hold the nets and operation lights. Like organized market hunters of the past century beating the game birds before them, these ships stretch across a section of ocean, gathering everything into nets that stretch from one ship's position to its neighbor's.

I haven't been diving in several decades, but friends tell me there are vast areas of the ocean floor that are denuded. Even the coast of Maine has suffered from the intrusive dragger's techniques. The boards and nets sweep the bottom clean, tumbling the seaweeds off their hold-fasts, destroying the nurseries of young shellfish, leaving a desert below the waves. Hand lining for halibut, flounder, and cod is not going to feed a hungry nation, but neither is wholesale vacuuming of the total population without any selectivity for size or species.

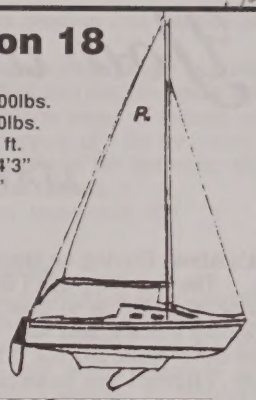
As we watched the transit of the ship in space, I wondered how/what our technologies will enable us to harvest from the universe around us. The vastness of space is its own protection from our avariciousness, but what of the moon and near planetesimals? Will we travel to them and reap ALL that we can, BECAUSE we can? Or will we gain a better understanding of just how alone our own planet is in the vast sea of space and find a way to balance our needs and the sensible use of the finite resources we have to work with?

While I was having all these inner conversations watching the ships on the horizon and the ship passing over our heads, the Captain was explaining to me that this was the "best chance to observe the transit of the space station." I asked, "why now," and not any other night, because it is set in a fixed orbit. This led to a fascinating explanation of how the sun's angle was responsible for our ability to see the station as the reflected sunlight glanced off its metal sides. Angles and azimuths got my brain cramping but I was curious as to why the station seemed to be going faster and appeared larger as it came across the middle part of its trip directly overhead. And I wanted to know just how bright it was, say compared to Venus, the star that watches me as I sit to write each morning before the dawn arrives.

After looking up the required information on the "Wikipedia" site the Capt. sent me a link and followed up with a distillation of the information I'd asked for. Venus is 87% illuminated this time of year and has an apparent magnitude of –4; the Space Station, traveling 220 miles above the bay below, was measured at -.9 or equivalent to Canopus. Canopus is the second brightest navigation star and the favorite used by satellites. Perhaps the men in the spaceship and the men below them in the draggers were BOTH sighting on Canopus as they plotted their positions?

Two ships on a collision course (separated by only 220 miles of altitude) passed in the night. Our future depends on both of them getting it right and finding a way to balance the resources available so the human race can continue. Perhaps one day there will be little independent space ships poking their noses into odd corners of the universe and "just messing about," with an on-line journal to chronicle their adventures!

Precision 18



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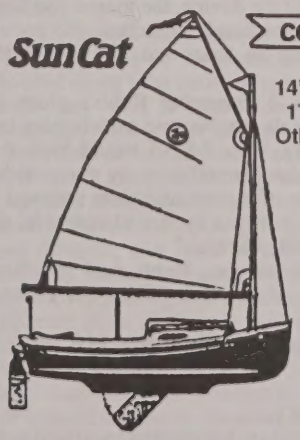

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You write to us about...

MAIB Content... Pros & Cons

It's About Having an Open Mind

The first thing that I do when I get a new issue of *MAIB* is to pour myself a glass of Gosling's Black Seal rum, lie down, and read the Robb White articles. If there are more than one, I figure I will be amply entertained but I will have to stretch the rum.

Others I know of here in the Lanesville section of Gloucester, Massachusetts (notice how I made it possible for all of you from "away" to figure out where I'm from, it's one of my pet peeves upon reading a seven-part cruising narrative to not know whether the author is talking salt water or fresh) do the same thing. Perhaps the less sophisticated drink vodka, only they are likely not reading it as literature as am I.

Then I skim through the rest of the journal just like your critics with, at times I suspect, somewhat similar reactions, except that I do try to read the book reviews and would eagerly read anything about speed, or that is to say, more easily driven hulls, Inuit boats, and cultural and ecological stuff.

I have to admit that there is a boredom factor in many of the articles but, you know, this is maybe just how things have to be, like reading research journals, every once in a while something good comes up. I'll bet most of your readers were not with you in those classical days (late '80s, Ed) of "Tom's Adventures in a Townie," not only the best written seditious prose since "Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas," but also featuring the most memorable illustrations since Eeyore and Piglet (not nautical) or those in *The Wind in the Willows*.

Does anyone remember your correspondent who accepted a bulk order of mood altering fungi and, although God created these species, and although certain native Americans and certain Harvard biologists not on tenure track were encouraged, with the help of a native shaman, to seek out and identify such desirable plants that would be of interest to a publisher, or a drug company, he was not rewarded with a genius grant but was rather assigned difficult living conditions overseen by federal employees with as little regard for advancing scientific thought as the Inquisition or the creationist movement?

While he was so incarcerated he had, with the notably generous help of some well known boat designers with whom he had communicated, developed a very interesting plan for a sailing vessel to carry him to Burma for spiritual rebirth or ongoing education after his release.

And there were others. But now we have, on a fairly regular basis, Robb White. "But I don't like Robb White!" you might say. Well, maybe you don't get him and never will, but I do. That doesn't work as much of a threat, but let me make my case.

Those bygone contributors I have mentioned are memorable to me. If I come downstairs one morning and notice that the little painting I bought at the "Wet Paint" fund raiser for the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center is askew and realize that I haven't looked at it for two weeks, well it's not memorable. I might as well consign it to the next fund raising auction and get a tax deduction.

The writers who can take on a subject, deconstruct it and then put it together again bound in the sticky resins of their personal experience and make it tingle with life, they are the people who you are going to remember, people with the agility to twist perceptions that have become mired in conservative dogma, you know, like adopting Tyvek to lugsails and spritsails.

I have been thinking for some time now that *MAIB* should post a sticker on its front cover warning that, "This journal contains references to women's sail training and forward facing rowing, these are theories only and not supported by scientific facts."

Remember it was our very own Phil Bolger who wrote *Boats With An Open Mind* and, by the way, I would assert that PB revisiting an earlier design (which is not necessarily to say an old design) with new commentary, should not, to my mind, cause fatigue in the reader. Most designs are timeless, the explanations of their characteristics are sometimes too sketchy and often given in regional shorthand or code, not easily understood by laymen. I have found my understanding enhanced by the Bolger feature. He could do more.

But I digress. Whether Robb White is consciously waging a war against inflexible thinking, or whether it's just that he's from so outside my New England culture (we don't eat mullet) that his espousal of his regional idiosyncracies smell like fresh air, is not important. The important thing is that he has a lot of information in him, and like many folks getting long in the tooth who have worked a diverse mixture of career choices, one experience informs another and the expanded perception helps the exposition and transmission of ideas and concepts.

Mr. White, of course, doesn't know everything. The only reason for advocating a snapshot style of slingshot shooting is that when you hold the device, the longer you keep those old rubber bands stretched, the sooner they are going to snap and hit you in the knuckles.

But also, I remember Robb's piece on favorite old tools that became a cautionary tale on shop safety. Were I he, I would have that big old bandsaw planted over my grave with a bronze casting of my severed palm screwed to the table along with a bronze plaque with the admonition, "Be Careful."

The same to you,, Robb. And let's have some "attaboys" for Bob Hicks. No changes are required.

Bill Woodhead, Gloucester, MA

But, So What?

Shame on you for allowing yourself to be corrupted by the likes of Robb White and getting into trouble with the family values police. Personally, I just skip over any offensive language and start reading seriously when the big fat mullet is ready for the fry pan. Robb is such a good food writer. The charm of your magazine is in its variety. Not all readers will enjoy all the articles, but so what?

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

Amazed by Tirades

I subscribe to several special interest magazines and it always amazes me when another subscriber contributes a tirade about his (or her) major disagreements with the content. Naturally many readers will want to comment on what individual articles mean to them, or perhaps debate some technique, but when the reader wants the magazine to head off in some other direction, the answer is simply (as you said) that they are subscribing to the wrong magazine.

I do not often read Robb White's articles now, but there was a time when I did, and this change is not because the articles are worse but because my interests are different now. This is true of most magazines I read, some of the articles I read and some I don't. Right now I find the pirates of the Java Sea that Hugh Ware reports on far more interesting than the crunch of one more canoe on another sandy beach. But that's my own opinion.

As for the language faulted, not only is it ubiquitous now in our society, and rather meaningless, but your critics on this topic should not be too shocked if they find that their grandchildren are using far worse language when they are out of earshot.

Richard S. Blake. E. Falmouth, MA

Robb's Writing Uninteresting

Got to say that your little publication is one of the best, most down to earth, and practical publications in the boating press! You've done a great job! That said, I must agree that I find Robb White's contributions uninteresting reading. I've felt that way for years and have come of late to not bother reading his pieces at all. I feel that there's way too much of his stuff in *MAIB*.

My view is, of course, a subjective one, but I find him long winded, verbose, egotistical, and too often trying (without luck) to be cute. While I'm at it, I don't think the pieces you print on world shipping problems (I can't remember the author) relate to the readerships' interests.

Love the rest of your little magazine, though, and keep up the good work.

David Charles, Manchester, NH

Robb's Writings are Wonderful Tapestries

I must take exception with the reader who describes Robb White's writing as pointless and tasteless. I believe his articles are almost always multi-pointed, have the taste of salt and experience, and creatively blend humor, wit, and information into a wonderful tapestry, meandering along the Georgia/Florida state line. White's style is to avoid getting to the point until he lulls the reader off onto some sideline and then, wham, he brings him right back on topic.

I am also surprised at the criticism leveled at Mr. White's use of mildly colorful language, which in today's world is certainly suitable for anyone of any age who is able to comprehend this magazine. Writing is hard work. Robb White's generous contributions made at no cost to this publication should be cheered as should the work of any author who takes the time and effort to write for *MAIB*.

Can there be any publication that anyone reads cover to cover? *MAIB* has lots of variety, and it is this variety that is the charm and success of the magazine. The reader can always find something of interest, but no one should expect everything to be of direct interest to him, as that is quite unrealistic. I think the publication you produce is wonderful. Please continue for the next 30 years,

Kent Lacey, Old Lyme, CT

A Letter of Support

The reader who offered his "tirade" in the January 15 issue concluded by stating that "some changes are necessary." Some changes are necessary? SOME? Other than the cover, he found one article that met his standards. Yet by his own admission he only read half the issue, so maybe he should go back and finish up. After railing against Robb White and almost everyone and everything else in *MAIB*, he then itemized his own vast experience, as if he needed to be well-qualified to find fault so comprehensively. Only in the last paragraph does he seem to realize that maybe he has gone just a little too far and then backs off.

I have two questions for him: #1. Why on earth does he subscribe to a publication he finds of so little of value? #2. Given the scale of his itemized experience with boats and engineering, how about his sharing some of it with readers of *MAIB*?

You know, I like *MAIB* because it is exactly what it seems to be. No pretense, no gloss, photos out of focus at times, a word misspelled once in a while, sometimes silly, sometimes enlightening, and yes, no e-mail. It is a forum for us to express a wide variety of thoughts on boats and life. I don't enjoy every article in every issue, but I always find something of interest.

I am reminded of the old saw about the preacher who was greeting his parishioners at the door as they were leaving after his sermon. One man said, "I didn't get a thing out of that sermon." The preacher asked him, "What have you brought to take it home in?"

Lastly, I think Bob Hicks is doing one heck of a job, period. Take a moment to reflect on what it would be like to take on a project like *MAIB*... all of it. Would you do it? Do you have the energy? Certainly change and improvement are important, if I don't miss my guess it's one of the things that helps get Bob up in the morning.

Steve Kaphaem, Blind Faith Boats, Interlochen, MI

Pure Anarchistic Fun

That was a rather merciless fulmination in a recent "You write..." section about Robb White. Ever since I was a boy and discovered the genius of Mark Twain on the shelves of the Broad Brook Free Library in Harwich Center, Massachusetts, I've been a sucker for a well-told shaggy dog tale, and as a spinner of such tales myself, in my opinion Robb is right up there in their hall of fame.

There's a vast difference between "windy" and "windbag" and there's nothing in Robb's style that suggests the latter. I have been concentrating my editorial/writing efforts these days in *Maine Boats & Harbors* magazine, in which we have been publishing a lot of Robb's writing in our "Letter from Away" section.

Messing About in Boats is pure anarchistic fun and the world a better place for it. Don't change a thing.

Peter H. Spectre, Spruce Head, ME

Designs...

Coble Resembles Curragh

Bill Hatch's article in the December 15 issue on England's Beale Park Boat Show pictured on Page 9 a Severn River Coble. It impressed me from the standpoint of how "traditional" boats are adapted to the conditions where they are used. The boat shown appears to be identical to a curragh from the west coast of Ireland in its framing, oars, thole pins, seats, and cover. It does not have the steep rise at the bow of the curragh as the coble is apparently used on inland rivers. The curragh needs the high bow to survive by riding over the steep waves of the west coast of Ireland. The coble appears to be identical in other respects.

We have built curraghs (west coast of Ireland design) in Philadelphia to race against other curragh clubs. •

Bob Doordan, Media, PA

Information Wanted...

Substitute for Firzite

When building plywood boats years ago I used a primer called Firzite for the first coat on the plywood. I can't seem to find it in stores today. I would welcome suggestions from readers on what to use today.

Bob Whittier, 17 Lodgepole Ln., Kingston, MA 02364

Information of Interest...

Lat./Long. Confusion

Baxter's article, "Plotting for the Average Boater" in the December 15 issue, is disturbing in its errors of fact and its misguided rationale for learning navigation. He wonders how ignorant "boaters" can use their GPS without knowing about latitude and longitude. Yet don't those same boaters used latitude and longitude to program their GPSs?

I wonder about an article on navigation that has moved the Caribbean Sea hundreds of miles north to the waters of Cuba and the Bahamas. I believe Bill Baxter erred in the caption that accompanies his depiction of the globe when he said, "Because they (that is, lines of longitude) get closer going north and south of the equator, they are, unlike latitude, seldom used for measuring distances." Not so. And it contradicts what he said earlier in his article.

He should have said, or could have said, "Because lines of longitude are EQUALLY divided along their entire length by lines of latitude they give a convenient graphic scale along the right or left margins of charts, each one minute of latitude being equal to one nautical mile." (See *Chapman's Piloting, Seamanship, and Small Boat Handling*). By contrast, lines of latitude, while marked off in degrees and minutes, like lines of longitude, are not useful in scaling off nautical miles (Baxter has it backwards). A given distance, measured on different lines of latitude will be of different lengths. On typical nautical charts the difference is negligible, but if one looks at a very large scale chart one sees that the scale is given for a specific latitude, meaning at any other latitude one scales distance at one's peril.

I feel the article is somewhat helpful for those learning to put a position (in lat./long.) on a chart, but not helpful at all in teaching how to scale off nautical miles on a chart or translating a given position into latitude and longitude.

What really needs to be taught to novice boaters is how to find, and describe, their position when in trouble in terms of latitude and longitude for the purpose of a fix for rescue. I wish the article had aimed for this rather than how to impress one's friends.

Val Thompson, Edgecomb, ME

Settling a Business Tiff

A recent issue of *Business Week* carried a short item about kayak supplier Harmony and paddle maker Werner Paddles arriving at a boat show where they would introduce new paddles, both named Cascadia. To settle who would get to keep the name, Vice President of Harmony, Joe Pulliam, challenged Werner President Bruce Furrer to a paddle-off in a demo pool. Two kayaks were tied together and after some fierce paddling, Furrer dragged Pulliam to one end.

A gracious victor, Furrer said it was really nice to settle it this way instead of calling in the lawyers. Harmony renamed its paddle Tortuga without a court battle.

Submitted by Alicia Moore, Ipswich, MA

Preservation...

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in 2004

On a scale of one to ten, our 2004 season has been an eleven! More than 50,000 people visited our sites at Basin Harbor and the Burlington waterfront, attended special LCMM lectures and events, or participated in Museum courses, workshops, and learning adventures. Eleven thousand more visitors and 2,000 school children visited our replica canal schooner *Lois McClure* at ports around Lake Champlain. I can't remember a time when the Museum has been more productive or surrounded by a more talented staff and committed volunteers and supporters!

Our diverse archeological research and public education/recreation programs stretch us to our very limit, but we wouldn't have it any other way. Our programs are who we are and they are what we do. They are our commitment to ensuring that the rich history and culture of Lake Champlain is both preserved and shared. All reports (ranging from those in the *Burlington Free Press* to CNN online) indicate that we're accomplishing our mission!

Arthur B. Cohn, Executive Director, Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, 4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022, www.lcmm.org, <info@lcmm.org>

This Magazine...

Limerick Challenge

I would like to issue a onetime challenge to readers to compose a limerick or a hiku (3 lines, 5-7-5 syllables) about Robb White. I offer the following to get the doggerel... er, ball, rolling.

Charles Nelson, Raleigh, NC

There once was a man named Robb White
Who often was restless at night.
When the sleeping got tough
He worked his lathe in the buff
Dodging hot metal curled ever so tight.

The Rescue Minor
Moving through the Georgia flats
Planing at hull speed.

Gary Jobson's Championship Sailing

The Definitive Guide for Skippers, Tacticians and Crew

By Gary Jobson
ISBN 0-07-142381-8 - $24.95
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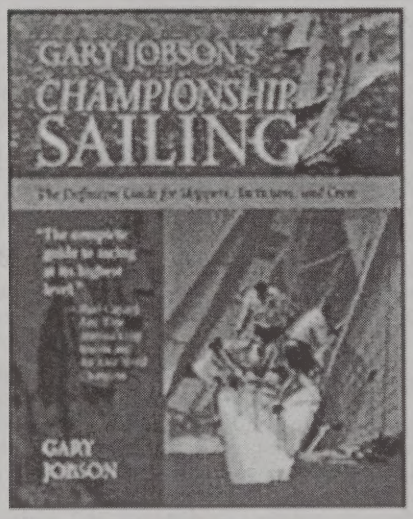
www.internationalmarine.com

Reviewed by Mary Jodice Fiske



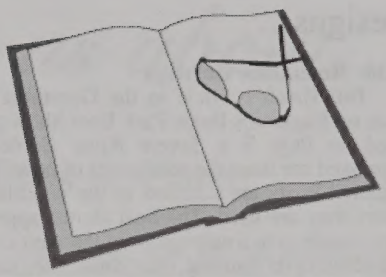
I have been racing sailboats since I was ten years old. I have won many regattas and a few National Championships. *Gary Jobson's Chanipionship Sailing* epitomizes every correct thought I have ever had (and many that I haven't had) about the sport of sailing

Gary Jobson wrote this book while undergoing treatment for lymphoma. He was unable to sail, and visualized all the races, tactics, and planning from his hospital bed. The book spans his 50-year racing career and the gamut of his experience from Lasers to the refurbished J Boat Endeavor. He uses many personal and entertaining stories from his college sailing days at SUNY Maritime to his America's Cup racing with Ted Turner. There are stories that every sailor, regardless of experience, can relate to.

This book can be used two ways. It can be read straight through and enjoyed as a complete work. The book can also be used as a reference book. Jobson organizes the chapters to describe in detail each section of the race, each job on the boat, the trim of every sail, and every weather condition. Each chapter is a lesson on a particular task or job by itself. At the end of the book he has recommendations on how to practice alone and team building with other boats or a sailing team.

I found much of his advice to be simple common sense. However, it's the kind of common sense one arrives at after many years of hashing out races after the fact at regatta parties. Organization, planning, and practice are his keys to racing success. No detail is too small for consideration. Jobson describes how to dress, what to say, how to behave, and how to do this all in a professional efficient manner. If you can master yourself and keep your focus and cool, you will be able to work yourself out of bad positions and races.

Jobson's biggest mantra is that winning is the elimination of errors. Sailing is a mental game of tactics and strategy. If you let yourself or your crew become unorganized and unfocused, then the racing ceases to be fun and you have already lost your race



Book Reviews

Shallow Water Dictionary

By John R. Stilgoe
2004 Princeton Architectural Press
New York, NY
ISBN 1-56898-408
48 pgs - $14.95

Reviewed by John Conway

I'm not sure whether I like this little book ("little" as in 5"x7") or not and it may strike you the same way. All of which means that I probably like it a lot, then again. Hmmmm. Allow me to explain.

Shallow Water Dictionary reads as an almost free form, run-on letter or essay (more on this word later) that, much like the marshland and tideland vernacular it describes, meanders from place to place, word to word. It sort of begins in the middle, runs upstream to the end, and ends at the beginning. (Hmmmm... maybe I don't like the book so much. I mean...)

It is unlike any dictionary you will ever own. In fact, the thing barely even qualifies as such. Stilgoe has done away with the neat, alphabetized entries and attendant definitions of the books we typically call dictionaries. He has replaced them with a style wherein the "shallow water" words emerge as elements in cleverly constructed sentences that create definitions by contextual placement (ingenious... I guess I like the book after all). While many of the words are still used widely (oars, schooner), some have fallen into disuse (e.g., gundaloo) or have morphed into other utilizations (e.g., Essay: A skiff-like boat. Guzzle: A stream-like noun).

I found that the book's peculiar content and structure, while occasionally annoying, more often tended to draw me in and on. The free form organization permitted me to start and stop almost anywhere. In fact, a cloth bookmark sewn into the binding encourages the marking of start/stop points (or of especially interesting passages suitable for rereading).

So will you like the *Shallow Water Dictionary*? You'll just have to give it a pull. Log on to www.amazon.com, type in the title, and check out the first few pages of the beast. If you find yourself wanting more simply click BUY. And buy I would!

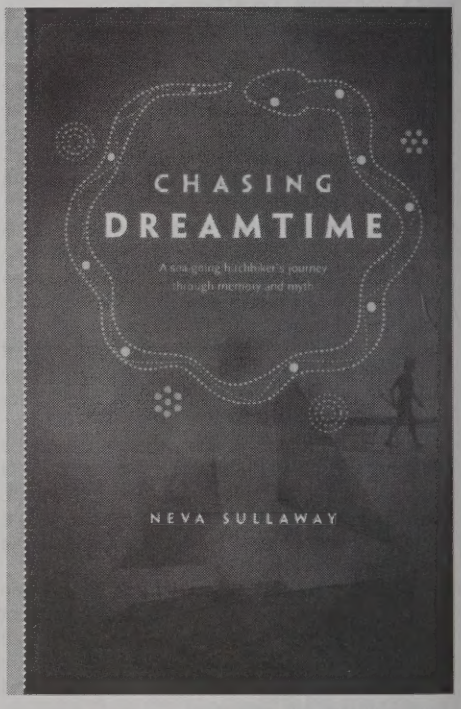
(John Conway is the author of the best-selling book *Catboat Summers*.)

Chasing Dreamtime

A Sea-going Hitchhiker's Journey Through Memory and Myth

By Neva Sullaway
Published by Brookview Press
ISBN 0-9707649-2-8
336 Pages, Maps
Retail Price: $15.95 (U.S.)
First Printing: 55,000

Reviewed by Joe Ditler



Driven. Haven't you experienced the feeling? At some time in all our lives we've been driven to exceed, to aspire, to love, or even to forget. Neva Sullaway sits today in her quaint cottage not far from the beach in San Diego. She has no boat now, but has added a loving husband and two terrific children to her life. She is, as the neighbors say, "...a sweet, quiet, young woman who fits in so well."

Once, however, Neva was driven to discover, driven to run. The part of Neva the neighbors don't know about is that she was also driven to escape. She has just released a new book about her travels across the Pacific, *Chasing Dreamtime: A Sea-going Hitchhiker's Journey Through Memory and Myth*. Sullaway lived the stories of *Chasing Dreamtime* well before her 25th birthday. Now, after 30 years, she lays out her wild adventures and personal journey for all to read.

The introductory chapters create the backdrop for the story, an innocent voyage across the South Pacific. It is the post-Vietnam era of the mid '70s, a time well before cruising became the popular lifestyle it is today, a time before GPS and onboard electronics, when sea gypsies roamed the oceans.

Having failed in her attempt to become the first woman to sail solo around the world, Neva Sullaway arrives in Tahiti where, after only a few days, she is placed in jail for a visa violation. With her dreams of a solo passage dashed even before they begin, she embarks on another seagoing journey that takes her from one life threatening adventure to another.

From sailing with island royalty to meeting the legendary recluse and beachcomber, Tom Neale, who lived alone on Suvarov Atoll for nearly 20 years, Sullaway takes us back to the raw adventure and pristine beauty of the South Pacific. Even after being entangled in a drug smuggling scheme and facing death several times while at sea, Sullaway continues her journey from New Zealand to Australia.

The story reaches a climax when Sullaway mistakenly gets a job on a prawn trawler in the far northern waters of Australia's Gulf of Carpentaria, the stark and forbidding Never-Never. Held captive at sea and unable to leave the boat, Sullaway must rely on her own wits to escape back to land. It is there, on a desolate island in the remotest region of northern Australia, that she reclaims her freedom and finds redemption in the *Dreamtime* journey.

Neva Sullaway is the former Australian Women's Sailboarding Champion, a title she successfully defended for four consecutive years. She built a career as a writer and photojournalist, covering sailboarding events in Australia, Europe, and the U.S., and wrote *One with the Wind: A Guide to Sailboarding in Australia*. During this time she also created a magazine for sailors, *Freesail Australia*, which became Australia's top-selling sailboarding magazine.

Yachtsman's Guide to the Bahamas
Includes Turks & Caicos With an Introduction To the Dominican Republic

Thomas Daly, Editor
Tropical Island Publishers
484 pp.; $39.95

Reviewed by Bill Marsano

So nice to see this old friend again. My first copy was bought in 1991 when I was planning the best magazine assignment a boy ever had. A travel magazine had asked me to do something for the Columbus Quincentennial and I spent a lot of time trying to figure out what that should be. In time I stumbled across the whole Landfall controversy, which involves nine islands, each claimed by some to be the place where Columbus first set foot in the New World. Soon I became one of the few people to have read all the arguments for all of them, which I boldly named the Candidate Islands.

And then I led the very first "expedition" to all the Candidate Islands, which no one else had bothered to do. The idea was to compare so far as was possible the islands as they were then with the descriptions Columbus logged a half-millennium earlier. Well! I may say we had a fine time with a 50' sloop from The Moorings and a lot of Si Newhouse's money.

And of all the books I rounded up to get the expedition organized and pointed in the right direction, the *Yachtsman's Guide* took the cake. It's full of maps and charts and hints and tips and suggestions and what-not. It tells you what you need to know without any shilly-shallying or lolly-gagging. It fills your head with facts but also with dreams.

Indeed, although many of the mess-abouters I ran into during my three weeks in Bahamian waters praised this volume freely and often, I'd have to say that while I used it most afloat I enjoyed it most ashore. As Emily Dickinson said, "There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away," and this book proves her point. Like *MAIB*, it gives you as much boaty pleasure as can possibly be had without the actual ownership of a boat. Goes well with an easy chair, a log fire, and malt whisky. There's a long winter ahead, me hearties.

(Bill Marsano calls himself a mess-abouter as a step up from his former designation as common vagrant.)

Cruising at Last: Sailing the East Coast

By Elliott Merrick
The Lyons Press, Guilford, CT, 2003

Reviewed by Hermann Gucinski

Many years ago I took my newly bought, but quite used, Herreshoff H-28 ketch into a small tributary of the Chesapeake Bay to anchor and do some necessary maintenance in a pleasant setting. Still early in summer it was a hot and humid day nonetheless and work went slowly, with many a glance at the quiet scene around me. Late afternoon a small sloop approached the anchorage with two sailors aboard who looked weary enough to give the impression they had been beaten with sticks. I know what that feels like, I'd done it often enough myself, spent a day in blazing sun and fickle wind trying to take my little boat some distance over waters that were unquiet despite the lack of wind; it beats you up.

I knew the boat and hailed the elderly couple, "What a nice Carinita sloop, did you build her yourselves?"

"Why yes, we did, and you're one of the few people we've met who can recognize the type, and your Herreshoff is a lovely boat, too. You must come over later, since you have a dinghy and we do not, and have a drink." My wife and I discussed whether we should trouble a couple so obviously tired, but curiosity won out and we went and made new friends that evening.

Elliott "Bud" Merrick and his wife Kay had indeed finished building their dream boat, a 20' Al Mason design, earlier that year and their maiden voyage was to take them to Maine! This voyage, and a number of other adventures, are told in this beautifully written book which is remarkable in that it was published posthumously by Bud's daughter Susan from chapters and notes left behind. Bud was an accomplished writer with books on his adventures as a helper at Labrador hospital outpost in the late '20s, the story of his wife, met at the same place, and his attempts to become a farmer on a piece of rock in Vermont during the Depression. These books have been republished and the descriptions of life in Labrador 80 or so years ago brought Elliot Merrick an honorary doctorate from a University at St. John's, Newfoundland.

But that's not important here, what is is the delightfully told story of getting out on the water in little boats and making daring attempts to go long distances. The book is at once a description of the eastern seaboard from a small boat sailor's eye from the mid '60s to late '70s and a tale of two individuals pitting their skills against wind and tide.

One of the most delightful sections was their attempt to sail their 11' homebuilt Pelican dinghy in the turbulent waters between Hilton Head and Pamlico Sound late in the season, staying in hotels or motels but going out every day, often one of them balling furiously while the other hiked out to windward to hold the boat on course. I had seen an article in *Yachting* describing one such day with a little pen-and-ink drawing that haunted me for years with its beauty and appeal of adventure. Imagine my delight to meet it's author!

Here's an excerpt: "I hadn't known a Penguin could plane, but the breaking chop (you could plainly hear it seething) sprang her loose and we rushed up the bay in a white gash, shroud like a fiddle string, sail hard as ivory. It seemed incredible that nothing was popping. The seas threw the stern around and the wind picked up and hurled us. The green bow wave hardened and heightened. The whole boat trembled, close to ultimate hull speed, and beginning to drive under. Gingerly, we inched ourselves aft an inch or two, balancing fore and aft as well as side to side. We were tacking downwind to avoid a jibe, for steer as I would, she yawed. Sometimes as she flew, overtaking wave after wave and tobogganing down their backs, I thought for sure she'd broach, but with help she never quite managed it. That was a run! Once we rounded up and bore off on the other slant, I wouldn't have thought such a little boat could stand it."

The book's chapters are arranged to follow a trip from Port Royal Sound, South Carolina, to Frenchman Bay, Maine, though the descriptions come from more than one trip and more than one boat. If you have sailed any part of them, especially in times before the seashore was developed from end to end, each experience evokes strong feelings, brings back deep memories, and leads to the desire to explore the coastlines not yet familiar.

Another poignant element is the honest description of Bud's fears and doubts as a navigator, the worries all small boat sailors share when sailing near shores with only distant harbors but close by hazards, rocky reefs, treacherous suck-holes, sandy shoals, incipient fog, and the ever-present freighters, tugs with barges, and other traffic. The small boat cruiser rarely had radar available then or now, before GPS you had the occasional RDF, crude at best. I vividly remember Bud kneeling on the cabin sole in front of the chart table, earphones clamped over his head, the RDF antenna in hand, rotating it this way and that, softly cursing the scratchy interference from distant lightning, and never feeling he had the bearing right.

If you recognize the mix of wearying effort, doubt, and uncertainty, with elation from discovery and wonder, as well as the deep satisfaction of making port after a longish passage, this book is for you, whether you've done this a hundred times, or if you're just starting out on your first adventure.

Transportation & Industry Museum of Alaska

By Steve Fisher

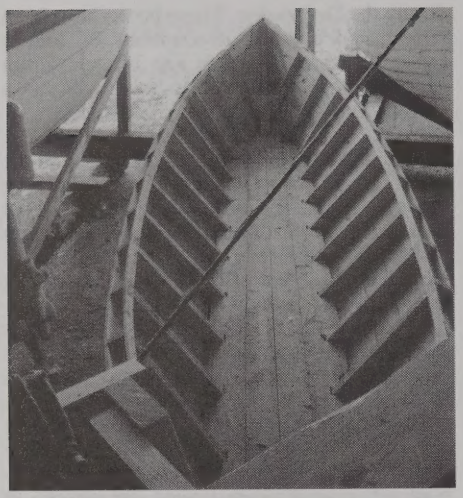
On a recent fishing trip to Alaska I had a few days to spend in the Anchorage area, thanks to using miles to travel. On previous trips my wife, Renee, and I had explored the area to the southwest, the Kenai, so we decided to try a trip to the north. Much to our surprise there were more than beautiful mountain ranges, and among the surprises was the above-named museum.

The museum is located in Wasilla, Alaska, and covers some 20 acres of both indoor and outdoor space. Water being the major means of transportation and source of industry (fishing), boats of all types are very much in evidence. There are examples of native skin boats of various types, fishing boats, and "Klondike" boats that were built on the shores of Lake Bennett and then floated down the Yukon River to the gold fields. There is also a rather extensive collection of outboards, but there was little in terms of documentation to advise me as to what I was seeing.

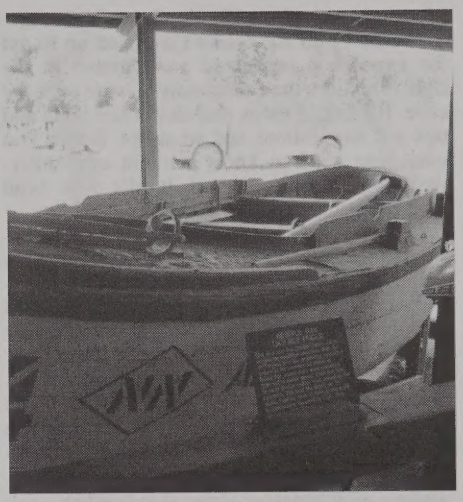
For aircraft nuts there's a field full of various aircraft, mostly from the '50s and mostly being preserved only by the extremely cold winters. Alaska's many railroads are the subject of displays inside three WWII troop sleepers and a caboose. Nine locomotives, two locomotive cranes, and 25 other maintenance and revenue cars complete the exhibit. Other outdoor exhibits include cars, trucks, snow machines, and an extensive collection of tractors.

For any history buff, or the curious, it's well worth spending a day wandering through the exhibits. A bit more information on individual items would have been helpful.

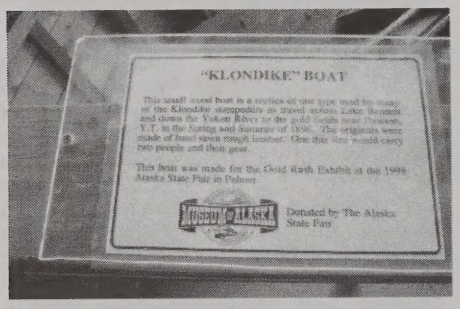
Museum of Alaska Transportation & Industry, Mile 47 Parks Highway, 3800 West Neuser Drive, Wasilla, Alaska 99687.



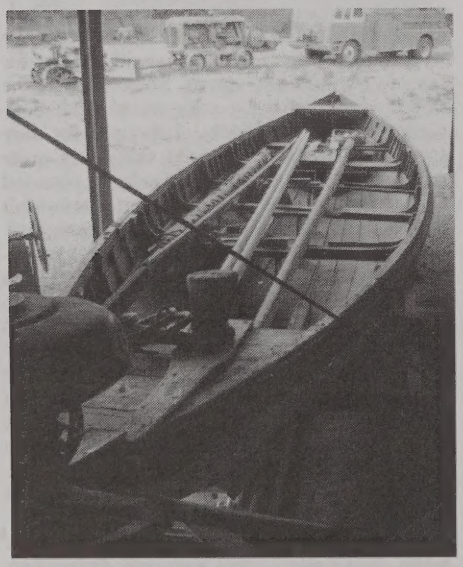
Klondike boat.



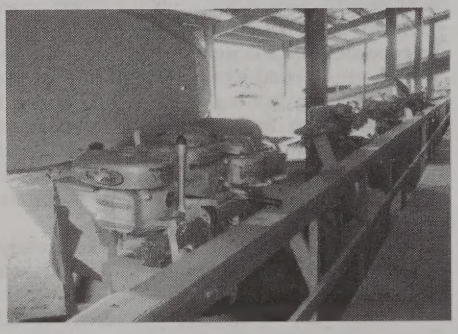
Bristoe Bay Double Ender.


"KLONDIKE" BOAT
This small wood boat is a replica of one type used by many of the Klondike stampeders to travel across Lake Bennett and down the Yukon River to the gold fields near Dawson, Y.T. in the Spring and Summer of 1898. The originals were made of local sawn rough lumber. One this size would carry two people and their gear.
This boat was made for the Gold Rush Exhibit at the 1998 Alaska State Fair in Palmer.
Donated by The Alaska State Fair

Fishing skiff.

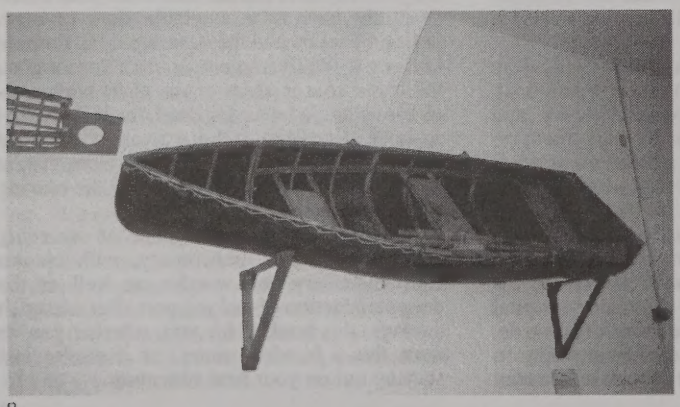


Bristoe Bay fisherman's skiff.

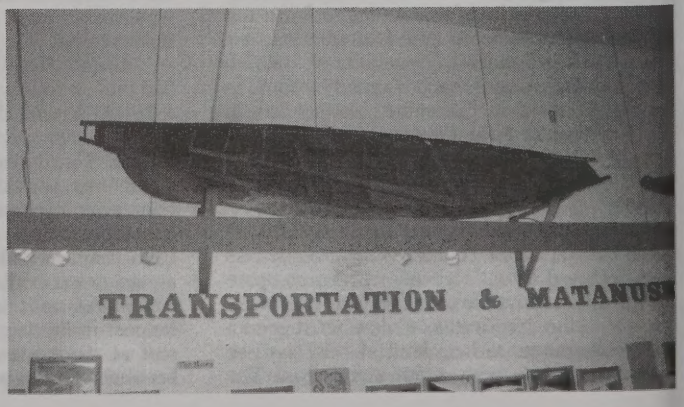


The outboard collection.

Skin boat.



Eskimo seal hunter's boat.



The 20th Annual Delaware & Raritan Canal Paddlers Race

By Eric Russel
Photos by Hillary Zaenchik

This event, which always takes place on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, sponsored by the Meadows Foundation, was billed as a fun race 10.6 miles long with three portages around canal locks. No one shot the spillways in an effort to save time. One participant measured the distance as 11.2 miles on his GPS. The portages were about 75 yards long.

Dennis German organized the race, acted as registrar, and when it was time for his class to head for the start, turned the starting duties over to his wife, Marilyn, who got the remainder of the classes off without a hitch. As with so many local events, the biggest problem was a lack of volunteers. The entire event was operated with three, including the person who made the chili at the finish. There was a record turnout of 50 boats from throughout the region. These ranged from the latest high tech carbon fiber canoes with waterline sponsons (to make them legal for racing), to homebuilt "war canoes," to sit-on-tops and Grumman canoes.

It is possible that the war canoe class was the most interesting. It consisted of three teams; the Incredibles, the Pretenders, and the Garrulous Squirrels, all sponsored by Campmor Sporting Goods of Paramus, New Jersey. It was clear that many crew members of these boats had never before been in a boat. This did not stop them from working hard and having a good time. All of the boats were built by one person and, even though they were idiosyncratic, the craftsmanship of these strip planked hulls was excellent. As all the members in the class were buddies, no one minded that one of the boats was rowed with what appeared to be carbon fiber oars rather than being paddled. The rowed boat came in last in class. No one seemed to mind.

Everyone wore life jackets, and on two occasions they were necessary. I witnessed one of the incidents. A paddler sat up too soon while passing under a bridge and capsized himself. He was rescued by two other canoeists and even pulled his hat out of the canal. He insisted on continuing and, by the end of the race, even though he finished last in class, his wetsuit was dry. Good equipment clearly made a difference here. The life jacket made the rescue easy and the wetsuit kept him in working condition so he could continue. This racer was probably the oldest participant. He was in his 70's, racing in one of the carbon fiber boats.

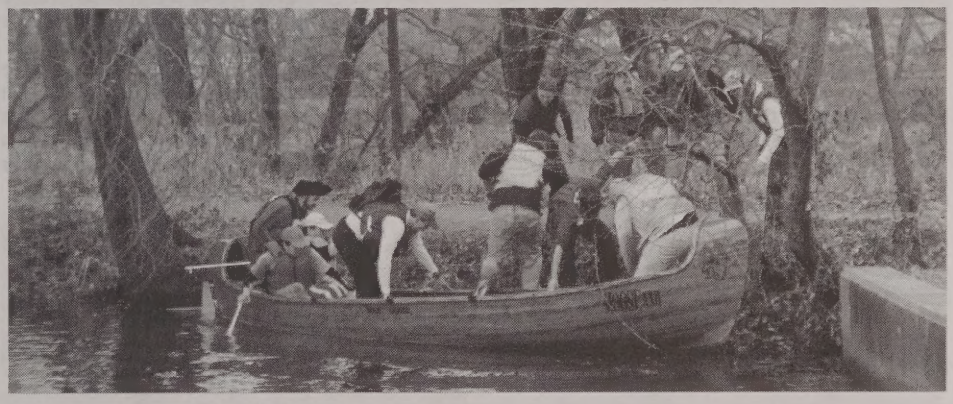
My Sebago Canoe Club entered two boats in the event. Andy Novick finished in an Epic 18 Endurance with an Epic hybrid full wing paddle. Mike Boxer brought Sebago's Morris Tandem but decided not to compete, instead taking his family to the first portage and back.

If you are interested in volunteering for next year's event, call (973) 226-6672. The same number works for entries.

Class Winners

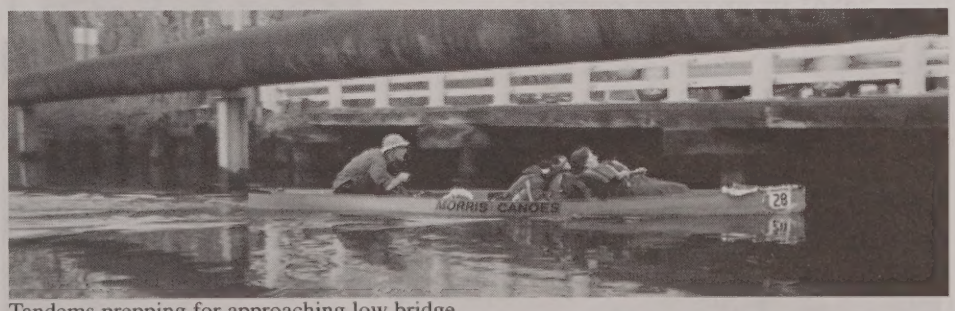
Tandem
Ted Kenyon & Chris Kenyon 1:42:42
Mixed Tandem
Diane Harrigan & Dan Rabinkin 1:54:58
Solo Canoe
John Redos 1:45:25
Kayak
Grayson Bourne 1:34:43
War Canoe
The Incredibles 2:27:34

Kayakers arriving at a portage.



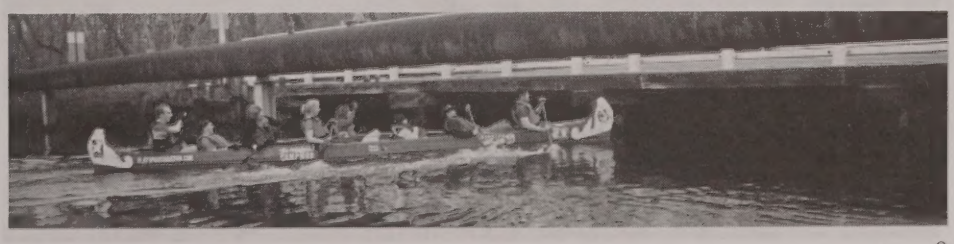
War canoe attmpting fast disembarking at portage...

...followed by rapid overland effort.



Tandems prepping for approaching low bridge.

War canoe at same low bridge, requiring more complex ducking synchronization.



Paddling Cape Lookout After Isabel

By Greg Welker
Photos by Greg Welker
and Brian Blankenship

Most people are familiar with such well-known places as Cape Hatteras and Kitty Hawk on North Carolina's Outer Banks. However, if you take a look at a chart you will see that the chain of barrier islands that includes the more familiar Outer Banks continues south past Ocracoke to form another Cape on the North Carolina coast. This area, known as Cape Lookout, is the center of the Cape Lookout National Seashore. The National Seashore is comprised of the Upper and Lower Core Banks and Shackleford Banks. The area offers paddling in the open ocean, inlets, and the shallow but wide open Core and Bogue Sounds, along with backcountry kayak camping. This is an area in which I have enjoyed paddling since being introduced to the area on a CPA road trip. In October of 2003 Brian Blankinship and I took several days to kayak camp the area.

Prior to the trip, we had looked at the local charts, park rules, tide tables, and weather data to develop an itinerary. We were also able to obtain aerial coastal photographs of the banks, inlets, and possible camping areas from the NOAA website. Brian wanted to paddle the ocean and I enjoy paddling the sound areas, so we decided on a route which would launch from the National Park Service Headquarters and Visitor Center on Harker's Island, travel up lower Core Banks to Drum Inlet and, if weather looked good, catch the longshore current down the ocean side of the lower Core and come back into the sounds through Barden Inlet at Cape Lookout. The aerial photos showed Drum Inlet about 200' wide, shallow, with minimal surf at the mouth of the inlet. Barden Inlet is protected from the direct ocean surf by the spit of Cape Lookout, which would allow a wide breach through the surf zone. The remainder of the trip would allow us to explore Shackleford Banks before returning to our launch point.

Two weeks before our start date Hurricane Isabel came ashore directly through Drum Inlet. Telephone calls to the park the week before departure indicated that with a few exceptions all areas would be open for backcountry camping. We also confirmed that the very small town of Atlantic, our possible re-watering spot since we would need to carry all of our water with us, was still there and fresh water would be available.

Camp at the overwash beach.

Hello, NASA? Are you missing something?

We arrived at the Harker's Island Visitor center around 2pm. After filing a float plan and receiving our permit we were on the water by a little after 3pm. With a wind out of the south, we had a nice 11nm paddle up the sound to an overwash beach to camp for the night.

After we set up camp, Brian discovered a large piece of rocket, 8'x10' of curved metal with UNITED stenciled on the side! Apparently it had been washed ashore by the hurricane. We also found several animal tracks which we couldn't identify.

The next morning we continued north and paddled another 11.5nm to the north side of Drum Inlet. There were several wide spots where the water was so shallow our loaded boats ran aground at low tide. Much to our chagrin we found Drum Inlet to now be about a half mile wide with significant surf at the mouth. We ate lunch on the north side of the inlet, then paddled over to the town of Atlantic, located west of the inlet and directly in the path of the hurricane.

The hurricane had drastically altered the bottom of the sound in this area. We passed by a green and a red buoy which should have marked the channel into the town of Atlantic's harbor. However, now there was a sand spit in between the buoys. As we paddled along the town's shoreline we saw a commercial trawler and a large sailboat about 50' up onshore, left there by the hurricane. Heading back to the north side of Drum Inlet we made camp, ate dinner, and watched the surf at the inlet. Brian found a dead ray on the beach with a wingspan of over 2'.

Many inlets will have certain times in their tidal cycle when the waves at the ocean side are less severe. Some inlets have areas just off to the edges on the ocean side where the waves don't break and almost form a rip or eddy line back through the breaker line. Brian and I had watched this inlet the previous evening and again this morning during breakfast and had noticed none of these features. In fact, the inlet looked like it was acting much more like a section of submerged beach or bar, with the waves always breaking at the ocean end. From the shore it appeared that there were two areas of breakers with a calmer area in between. The weather forecast was favorable for going out the inlet and down the ocean side, so we packed up and prepared to try.

Since we would be paddling on the ocean side and in breaking waves, we took a few precautions. Although we had been comfortable paddling on the sound side in just bathing suits and thermal tops, we got into wet suits for the ocean side where the potential for a longer time in the water existed if something unexpected happened and we went for a swim. Since we were going to be going out through breaking waves and doing a surf landing that evening for our beach camp, we also stripped the decks of anything that could be washed off by the breaking waves. I stripped off the deck bag and made sure the spare paddle was secure on the rear deck. We had both brought whitewater helmets for the inlet passages and the surf landings.

We started out. We passed through a few small waves in the inlet itself then, at its ocean mouth, we stopped to assess the waves. Most were 2'-3' with the occasional 3-4-footer. We started forward into a set of waves. We were

paddling side by side when a large wave broke on us, pushing Brian back some distance behind me. While he paddled back up I tried to move further out, without much success. With Brian back up we both tried to work our way into the ocean, with little success. A brief conference and I voted for heading back in since we were not making any progress going out the inlet.

I turned my boat and started surfing back into the inlet. I caught one large wave and started surfing it in. I started to broach to the right and set for a high brace on that side. Suddenly the boat yawed to the left and I was looking over the right side of the boat at water a foot or two below the bottom of the boat. No time to shift the brace to the left so I inhaled, tucked, and let it roll me. Upside down, I let the wave break and go by, then stuck my paddle out to the right and rolled up. I paddled the rest of the way back through the inlet. Brian and I regrouped and headed south inside the island. As we left the inlet area a pod of dolphins swam by, heading out to sea.

That day we paddled south along the Core Banks. Our plan was to find an established campsite near Hogpen Bay. However, when we got there the boardwalk that led from the bay across the marsh to the campsites on the ocean side was in ruins and unusable. As the beach camp lay about 400' away across the marsh and looked in bad shape, we got back in the boats as dusk came on. Now we needed to find a place for the night. On past trips I had learned the value of a good set of binoculars, useful for seeing nav aide numbers, landings, and scoping out campsites. I scanned the horizon.

Most of this area is marsh so I was looking for the white of a beach where we could land and camp. I saw one possibility to the west where a strip of white near some pines indicated a possibility. We paddled over. The area looked uninhabited, seemed reasonable, and we set up camp and dove into our tents as night and the mosquitoes set in. About an hour later we heard the movement of large animals approaching camp. Poking my head out of the tent I spied several cows. Oh well. Twenty-two miles paddled by the chart, but Brian's GPS said 30 plus. It must have been that back and forth looking for the campsite. I was tired. Back inside the tent and to sleep.

Next morning we got an early start and had an easy paddle down along the western shore to a quick resupply at the ranger station for more water. While we ate breakfast there we watched the rangers mount a medical rescue mission. Apparently one of the fishermen camping on Core Banks had cut himself and needed evacuation. We reloaded and launched, paddling south to the lighthouse. As we paddled along the grass islands exposed by the lowering tide we saw several of the wild mustangs that live on these islands. The story is that they are descended from Spanish mustangs shipwrecked on the island. Supposedly the Cape Lookout mustangs have one extra vertebra than normal modern horses.

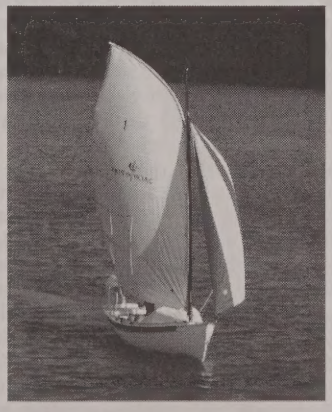
The current flowing south took us along and we soon landed at the light. The light had sustained minimal damage from the hurricane with only one building being destroyed, the pieces of the oil shed building, which had stood east of the light now lay on the west side near the inlet.

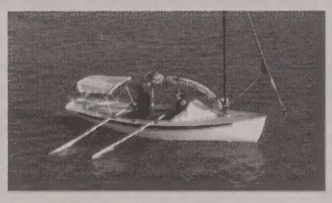
The lightkeeper's residence now has a nice museum about the island and light and the lifesaving operations conducted in the area. We talked to the ranger and described the animal tracks that we had seen. He said yes, he had seen them several times also. So, we asked, what were they from? He said he had no idea. He had only been there two weeks and was filling in for the regular rangers who were working on the recovery from the hurricane. After lunch we started back up the inlet and west along Shackleford Banks. We had some difficulty finding the channels during low tide. Why do I always seem to end up walking my kayak? We watched as a local in a specially adapted motorboat zoomed by us, twisting up the nearly invisible channels. The motorboat, looking like a typical jon boat, had a perch built up about 10' above the deck from which the operator could look down and see the deeper water. He was having better luck finding the channels than we were!

Cape Lookout Light with hurricane damage visible.

Today's campsite was about a mile east of the Beaufort Inlet on a nice sand rise under a live oak tree. We set up camp, then paddled west to the inlet and out to the ocean. This inlet was nice and calm, at least right now. Here we found the large dead sea turtle of about 3' in length. Back in camp we marveled at the lack of bugs, no mosquitoes at all. Suddenly a sound rose from the branches of the tree which was like hundreds of cicadas calling. It sounded like a fire station horn and we sincerely hoped it would not go on all night. Luckily, it stopped after about 15 minutes. Our best guess is that the noise was from locusts or cicadas in the tree, although we never saw any of them.

During the night it started to rain. The next morning the weather radio indicated that a front was coming through and that rain and wind were expected for the next several days. We ate breakfast in our tents, packed up, and decided that now was the time to end the trip. Our paddle took us back along the shoreline of Harkers Island to the ranger station. A local shrimping boat passed us with its shrimping nets boomed out to the side. After lunch in Beaufort and a quick tour of Fort Macon we headed back to Maryland.





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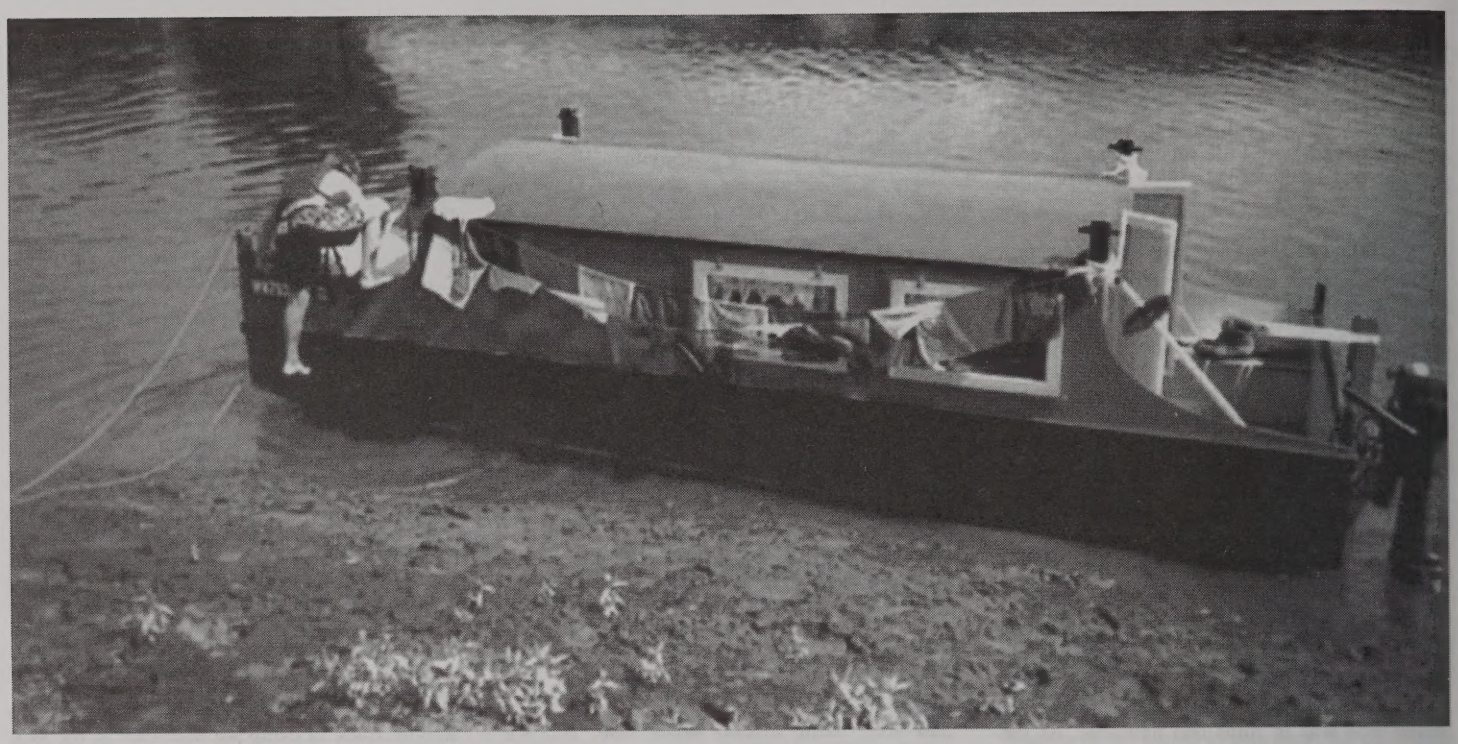


Search for Serenity On the Snohomish

By Bryan Lowe

I crawled out of my berth as quietly as I could. I didn't want to wake Alex, my 15-year-old son. Through the years I had come to appreciate these moments in the morning, the only time in my day on these trips that I would really be alone.

I set a pot of water on the stove for some herbal tea, pancakes would come later, and I popped my head up out of the front hatch to survey my bend in the river. Behind us was forest, the trees, and undergrowth so thick I couldn't tell if the forest went for 10' or a mile. Across the river, really just a couple dozen feet away, the bank was high and filled with blackberries. I was sure we would have cobbler that night. The colors of the bank were mirrored in a dancing pattern across the water while the bramble's leaves flashed from dark to light in the breeze.

Our canal cruiser, a Phil Thiel-designed Escargot, slowly swung on the hook, as they say, in a half circle. I didn't have a watch, no need for it on a trip such as this, but I guessed it was about 7am. A light mist was pouring off the bank across the way, spilling into the river, mixing with the trails of mist rising all around me.

I had started building the boat maybe five years before, all based on the dream I had just awakened to this morning. My dream was of a boat for the small rivers of the northwest, the Snohomish and the Skagit, Lake Washington and the Sammamish Slough. I wanted to spend a night, or a week, drifting, reading, thinking. I wanted time with my son or daughter. I wanted some time with my wife. I wanted time to myself. I wanted to think of nothing and see everything.

When I saw a drawing of Phil's Escargot I knew it was perfect for my dream. It was 18' long, 6' wide, and could easily be towed by my small van. Though originally designed as a pedal powered craft, I knew it would accept an outboard, just a small one, 6hp. It had a living room with enough space for four to sit and enjoy a meal together. There was a bathroom and plenty of storage space. While there wasn't full standing room, there was a good-sized berth up forward, a good 6' wide by 7' long. It also looked as though it would be easy enough to build, and affordable. I had one boat building success under my belt but there was also another one, a failure, a boat partially completed then hauled to the dump as scrap.

A year and a half later the building was done and the Snohomish River had been my first destination. I guess it is like any first, somehow more memorable, different somehow than all that would follow. This trip was probably my tenth time on this river and all of my trips had involved a night at this exact spot.

A train rumbled past somewhere nearby, we couldn't see it, but the unmistakable sound fit perfectly. I settled into one of the two lawn chairs on the front deck, herbal tea in one hand, a book in the other. I don't think I read a page though. Instead I enjoyed the slowly changing view as the boat drifted through its slow arc around the anchor.

In a few minutes, or maybe it was an hour, Alex popped up and asked when he was going to be dropped off. At the start of the trip we had decided he would leave after three days so that I could have a little alone time. Also, I wanted him to leave at a time before disinterest set in. I was on leave from a stressful job in radio broadcasting. He was on break from days spent with friends playing video games. Our needs were different and I thought some time with his cousins would assure that these trips never became something to dread.

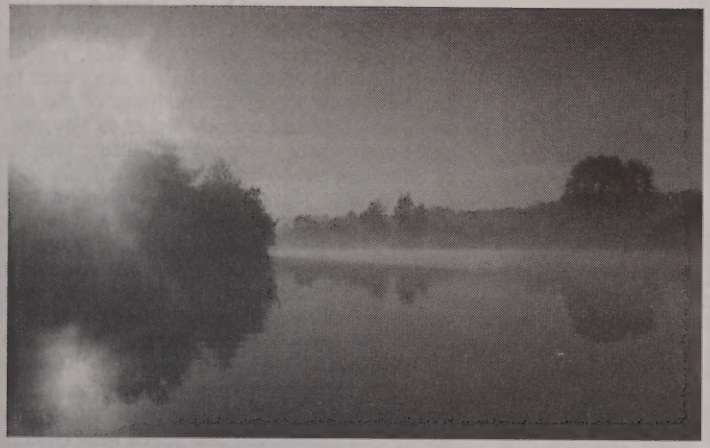
After our breakfast of hot flapjacks we picked some berries, then headed upstream toward the city of Snohomish. The tide was falling, and even miles up from Puget Sound the river would be getting pretty shallow before long. The Snohomish River is filled with snags. Since there is no commercial traffic, the Army Corp of Engineers had long since stopped any river maintenance.

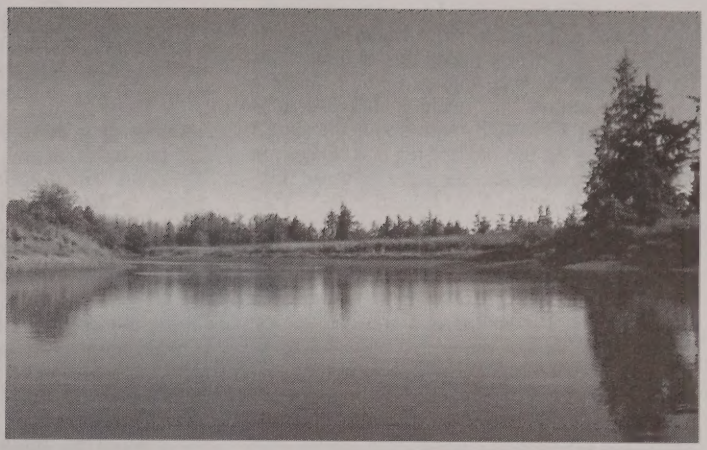
While there are virtually no docks on the entire 25 some miles of river and slough, there were plenty of places my Escargot could pull up onto the shore to meet Alex's cousins. Escargot only draws 4" when fully loaded, and with the sharp drop off in the river and the slight rise at the front of the boat, getting out of the boat never involved getting wet. Our favorite place to stop is under bridges where a trail often twists up to meet the road. A cell phone call later Alex was on his way up the bank and I was on my own.

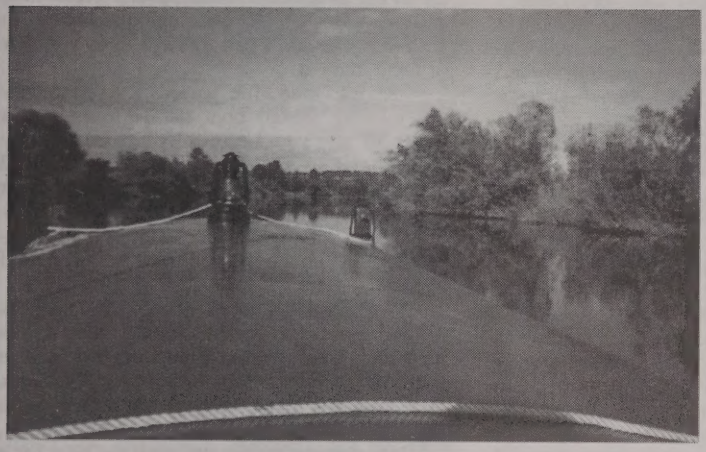
I had been looking forward to this time alone for months. As a parent, husband, employee, and son, my time is rarely my own. I needed this time, but before he reached the top of the bank I started to cry. I have always cried easily, never sobbing, just a tear or two of emotion. I cry when I tell my children I am proud of them or how proud my father would have been. I cry when I see them in school plays or concerts.

This was different as it seemed to come from nowhere. Did I miss my son? Certainly not the way a child misses their parents the first time they are away at camp. I needed this time alone. Then it dawned on me. We had gone on these trips every summer for four years now. It was our time, our special time. No Gameboys. No computers. Just father and son. This was a time for me to see how much he had grown. Two years ago he made his first dinner, chicken and dumplings, with virtually no input from me. The next year he had learned to really understand the river and the boat. That year we swapped roles. He became skipper and I became errand boy fetching a cold pop for the skipper. This year, as he turned and headed up the bank that morning I saw, for the first time, the glimmer of a young man, the glimmer of my son taking steps away from childhood, away from me... from our river.

I pulled to the center of the river, shut off the motor, and started a slow drift back down the river. I settled into my comfortable deck chair and waited, watching to see where the river would take me, this time alone.







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Show Schedule

Jan 1-9 New York Boat Show, Javits Center, NYC
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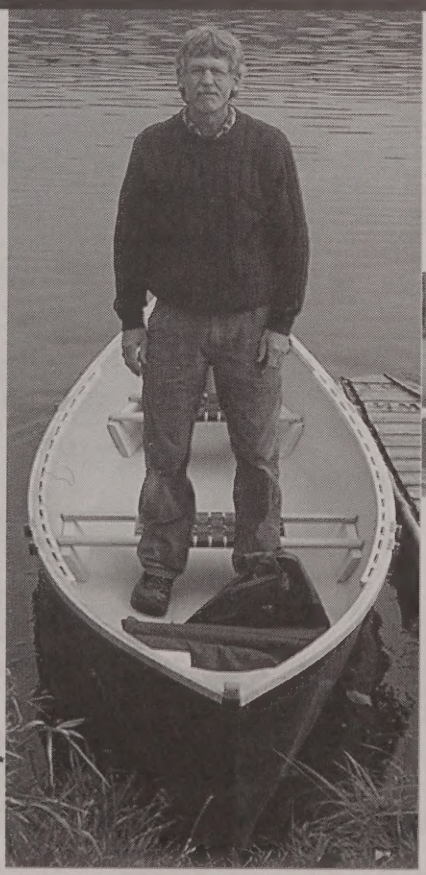
Jan 12-16 Atlanta Boat Show *
Feb 9-13 Central NY Boat Show, Syracuse, NY
Feb 17-20 Miami Boat Show *
Feb 26-27 Shallow-Water Fishing Expo, Atlanta, GA *
Mar 2-6 Southern Home Show, Charlotte, NC *
Mar 11-13 Canoecopia, Madison, WI
Mar 18-20 Maine Boatbuilder's Show, Portland, ME
May 13-15 Craftshow, Farmington, CT
May 13-15 Paddlefest, Inlet, NY *
May 28-30 Woodstock Craft Show, New Paltz, NY *
Jun 18-19 Clearwater Festival, Croton-on-Hudson, NY *
Jun 18-19 No-Octane Regatta, Blue Mountain Lake, NY *
July 16-17 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT *
July 22-24 Craftshow, Okemo, NY
July 29-31 Craftshow, Stowe, VT
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg VT *
Aug 5-7 Craftshow, Manchester, VT *
Aug 12-14 Craftshow, Lake Placid, NY *
Aug 12-14 Maine Boats & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME *
Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY *
Sep 2-4 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY *
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival WA
Sep 22-4 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk, CT
(Just to be safe, call or e-mail to confirm show dates.)



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www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

Crawling

By Robb White

Given the reputation I am trying to establish, I hate to admit this but I can get just as sick as a dying puppy under certain conditions on a boat. It doesn't happen enough to be a serious disability but, when it happens, it is bad. I know I already wrote about the time I was cooking on the old 85' tug *J.R. Ferguson* when I discovered that the sight of those link-style sausages self-rolling around in the frying pan I was trying to hold on the stove was the most nauseating thing I had ever seen in my life, and how, in my haste to get to the leeside galley door, I slung them out onto the deck where they self-rolled around and greased the whole steel floor of the galley until it was no longer possible to maintain footing in there. Of course, I was not concerned with that because I stayed on deck where the rolling of the boat immersed my nose in the sea every ten seconds or so.

I know I described that incident but I remembered another one just now. It came to me like a vision in a dream. I had set my biological clock to wake me up when the moon went down so I could get up to look at that amazing phenomenon of Mars that we had last August where it is was close to the Earth as it will ever get for the next 25,000 years or so. I am not one to miss something like that so I got up and went out on the porch of the coast house and the thing looked like the headlight of a train coming across the horizon. You know, we miss a lot by being so cooped up in all this artificial illumination. It is impossible to explain to children about the plane of the ecliptic and the galaxy we inhabit if they have never see the Milky Way.

While I was out there participating in that remarkable celestial event, I was reminded of my many nights on the old *Ferg* looking at the stars at night. The middle of the ocean is about as close as you can get to primordial darkness nowadays.

Even over on Dog's Island, though it is against the law to burn a light because of the sea turtle nests, some people insist on demonstrating their dominion over nature and keep all the lights in the house on all night long. Damned nincompoops. Nincompoops stay home in the wintertime so I can still see the stars, but I can also see the lights of the mainland. On a cold, clear Friday night I can see the glow from the football game over in Carrabelle and barely hear the band. It is nothing like being out on the barge in the freezing wintertime when it is so dark and the sky is so clear you can see almost to the end of infinity. Of course, I had to turn out the lights on the boat... running lights, too... y'all.

Anyway, thinking about that got me remembering about those old days and I remembered the second seasickness incident. I was engineer (as far as a color-blind man can get in the sea-going business in the United States of America) on there when we had a rough night. We had just sleeved and re-honed the cylinders of one of the engines and it was burning a good bit of oil so, instead of star-gazing and looking at porno magazines or steering for the captain while he star-gazed or looked at porno magazines, I was staying down in the engine room to override the pneumatic throttle controls to vary the speed of the engine a little bit and keep checking the oil.

I had just pulled the dipstick (which was attached to a 2" pipe cap) and satisfied myself that the last three gallons of oil I put in there were still mostly in there when it occurred to me that the sight of that black oil on the dipstick was just as nauseating as those damned sausages. I bolted topside. While I was hanging over the lee side tires dipping my nose in the sea every ten seconds, the off-watch engineer came out to look at the night. "Checking the oil on them tires?" he needed to know.

Anyway, while I am hating to admit things, I have to admit that I don't know all that much about big wood boats. I have done a lot of crawling (surveying) of big boats but they have mostly been fiberglass or steel. People with big wood boats around here don't want to actually know the exact condition of the old piece of junk, and nobody wants to buy one, and no insurance company will insure one, so nobody will pay to have one crawled.

Because I knew my limitations in that field, I actually hired somebody else to survey an old wood boat I became irrationally attracted to back about 20 years ago. My son and I were riding down the old coast road down west of Apalachicola in what they call "The Miles" where the water keeps getting shallower and shallower as you progress up into St. Vincent Island Sound. The oysters get bigger and bigger up in there, too. Two Mile oysters are about as big as a sardine can and Seven Mile oysters are as big as Kareem Abdul Jabar's tennis shoe and are hard to sell. That has nothing to do with this, though. I just threw it in as a matter of local interest.

About Three Mile, we saw a very interesting looking fantail boat hauled out. It was about 30' and very beautifully shaped.Nobody was around so we looked it over pretty good and got mighty interested. It was not built southern style (narrow, vertical grained planking fitted tight with no caulking on single-sawn frames) but appeared to be in fairly good shape.

We went on west about our business (probably went to Panama City to the surplus boat junk store, passed right by West Marine with nary a glance) and when we came back there was this man under the old boat doing a little re-nailing in preparation for a bottom job.

He was the owner and used the boat for a little bay shrimping with a hand operated net (hard work) and, yes, the boat was for sale. "Hell, man, it is always for sale," he proclaimed through the flakes of bottom paint all over the bristles around his lips. He told us all about the boat in a most candid manner. It was built by the government back during the WPA days down in the Mississippi delta for a survey boat for the Coast and Geodetic Survey when they were putting in all those benchmarks that you find lying around on the flats where they have washed out of the beach. The planking was cypress and the frames were Yankee-style bent oak of some kind.

He allowed that it was a "pretty good little boat... cheap on fuel." He let us look around in it and it had a very rusty 2/71 Detroit diesel engine. You know, GM made those engines in every cylinder arrangement possible. The most common was the 6/71 which had six cylinders of 71ci each arranged in line. There was also a 6V/71 and a 8V/71 and a 16V/71. All of them were two-stroke and had gear-driven Rootes blowers to clear most of the smoke out of the cylinders at the bottom of the stroke when the exhaust ports were open. I don't know what it is exactly, but the exhaust of a Detroit stinks worse than any other diesel engine.

They made those things from the middle '30s until California outlawed them sometime in the '80s. Hotrodders loved the blowers off a 4/71 for a supercharger. 2/71s were real popular as generator engines for tugs and supply boats around here. I have never seen a 1/71 but I hear that they were made. GM also made the same kind of engine with 56ci to the cylinder and 92ci, but they were never as popular as the 71 series engines.

For 50 years, Greyhound busses ran 6V/71 engines hooked up in the stern about

If you have been reading this magazine very long, I know you have seen this picture and read about the old CGS boat before. Ain't nothing wrong with that. My father wrote the same book three separate times about how he and my mother ran away to the British Virgin Islands to escape the Great Depression. The titles were, *In Privateer's Bay* (1938, a rare collector's item), *Our Virgin Island* (1953... the best one) and *Two on The Isle* (about 1985 and not worth reading).

like a VW beetle. They could drop one out and slap another one in there while the passengers were trying to figure out if they really needed to use that nasty bathroom at the terminal or not. Aren't y'all glad somebody finally explained all this lost lore?

Anyway, we were very charmed by the old USCGS boat. I was young enough then (the son was only about 20 years old) and still able to override my common sense a little bit, so I decided to figure out a way to buy the old mess. I don't know what I planned to do with the 2/71 but I knew that stinking bastard would never propel any boat of mine, and looking down in the bilges I realized that I had no idea of the actual condition of the frames and deadwood. The whole thing was sort of fuzzy looking down in there but I couldn't stick a screwdriver in too deep anywhere but I was still worried. It didn't look good but I, like so many fools, was sure that a restoration project wasn't all that much trouble. Back then there were still a few folks who worked on wood boats to keep old shrimp boats barely holding together for one more season and to gouge hell out of the few offshore sports fishermen who ran wood boats because they were the best thing for that purpose.

I hate to have to deviate from this again but I must for instruction's sake. You know, most Yankees think that the big wood boatbuilding business is all their own private domain. I don't know any actual figures but I believe there are more large wood boats built in Florida than Maine and, during the heyday of shrimping, I bet there were ten times as many. Not only that, but big wooden sportsfishermen (Rybovich Spencer, just to name one) were the king of that extravagant business. A big wood boat will outrun hell out of a big plastic or even aluminum boat. Of course, they didn't last all that long down here but people who'll run to Bimini just to catch a single fish don't worry about that. They cash one of their EXXON dividend checks and order another boat from Mr. Rybovich or Mr. Monterrey.

So I knew an old boatbuilder and he agreed to crawl the old survey boat for me. His car wasn't running so we gave him a ride to The Miles. We both thought that in that hour and a half riding with him we would learn a lot of lost lore but he never said a single word... didn't even answer questions. I tried to prod him about his brother who I knew who had a filling station in Carrabelle while I was a boy and who had a talking parakeet who knew more profanity than any person in my class at school. I was hoping that the old boatbuilder would be cheered by the memory and tell me all the phrases the bird knew but it didn't work.

When we got to the boat he walked around it one time and talked to the owner a minute or two and got back in the car. I was flabbergasted. I had agreed to pay him (had already done it) $200 to survey the boat. I imagined that he would have had to, at least, have gotten in the damned thing but he didn't even touch it.

"It has three broke frames but they been fixed. It ain't all that rotten nowhere and he has already re-nailed it good enough for another year or two. The motor ain't no good and the forward clutches on the Twin Disc™ are about wore out. It's worth $3,000."

I should have bought it. I have just exactly the engine for it... the old Easthope gas engine I hauled back from Bradenton. Of course, I am glad I didn't. I ain't got time to fix up any old junkpile like that so I am glad I said, "Cain't want that..." and walked away to be free for a little bit longer.

In retrospect, I couldn't go back to sleep after I had looked at Mars and remembered all that old stuff so I sat down in the dark and listened to the oldie-goldies on the radio. There is this old man who has been a radio announcer all his life and, though he is too old to work anymore, he has such an extensive collection of old records that the local radio station has rigged a set-up at his house so he can play them late at night. I especially like the old WWII records he plays. Those were what I listened to during my formative years and that is what will stay with you pretty good. The old man played "Wake Up and Live" which was sung by this cheerful sounding woman with very good diction so I could understand every word.

I took her advice as soon as the sun came up. I figured out how you are supposed to do with this life. You aren't supposed to hang around watching the damned TV and eating pre-prepared pap. People are better off if they act like it is the first day after they have been locked up in jail for 20 years. You can bet if I was in that situation I wouldn't stand there outside the gate trying to figure out how to waste my time. I would be gone like a bullet, and that's what we did as soon as it got safe daylight so I could see not to hit none of them USCGS damned benchmarks with the Rescue Minor.

You probably have seen this picture of the dear old *J.R. Ferguson*, too. It was built in 1958 and was still running the same engines when I was on there off and on all through the '70s. They were 99 Caterpillar V16s... 2,000hp each. J.R. himself specified those... didn't want any boat bearing his name to be put to shame by anything powered by any bleating, stinking Detroit diesels. I guess it still had those engines when it was taken to Texas to be cut up for scrap about '89. Though the hull is rusty, notice that varnish on the wheelhouse windows and doors. The brass is polished, too. Anybody can afford a quart of varnish and a can of Brasso but it is hard to keep the rust off a seagoing vessel that never stops. It is running in that picture, just tied up at the water dock while the barges are loading down at the Standard Oil refinery in Pascagoula. Check that John boat and the big carbon arc searchlight. The oil has been checked in that tire by the engine room door, too.

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Launchitis

By Patricia Lesh

Launching a boat can bring about ground teeth, divorce, tics, scraped boats, and a great desire to be someplace else. But like death and taxes, launching is an inevitable part of a boater's life. It's a toss-up of which of the three is the keener test of one's equanimity.

Whenever my husband Terry and I approach a boat ramp my body tenses and my conversation wanes. Tight lipped, biting an invisible bullet, I view the imminent launch as a certain flirtation with calamity. Not counting the time a chuckhole ate our trailer tire, there has been little in our boating history to account for my launchitis (an overwhelming fear of launching).

It was not until I was in forced attendance at a Lake Union, Washington, boat ramp that I realized launchitis is a common disease. What a relief! I had thought this irrational fear was unique to my aberrant personality. But soon I realized that although the symptoms vary, the affliction can easily be diagnosed. Just look for a glazed expression and marked personality changes as soon as the launch begins.

This revelation snuck up on me while my mind was on my stomach. We were looking for a waterside restaurant at Lake Union when Terry spied a Nordica 20. This salty double-ender sailboat, built in Ontario, Canada, was making its maiden launch. Terry, a marine writer and boat freak, chose a launch over a lunch and wanted some pictures of the Nordica launch. I wandered down to a grassy bank above the ramp with camera, lenses, and assorted paraphernalia to wait.

The pervasiveness of the disease began to dawn on me when a man sauntered down to look the ramp over. He had a tanned face, wrinkles around his eyes from squinting at horizons, sunbleached hair, faded jeans, a jaunty hat, and a laid back, world weary look. He had to be a sailor. As Mr. Sailor walked back to his car, his body sped up and he quickly leaped into the Volvo and revved it up, zoomed down the ramp with his classic wood sailboat, and ended up off the ramp into the mud.

His partner, waiting at the bottom of the ramp, murmured, "Wait, wait." I recognized her frozen smile. She was too stricken with launchitis to yell, "Stop, you idiot!" Mr. Sailor jumps out of the Volvo to look. "How the hell did that happen?" he yelled. He yanked at the lightweight trailer made from bicycle wheels, straightening it out, returned to the Volvo and lined the rig up correctly, looking around jerkily to see if anyone saw his Jekyll and Hyde act. With everyone into their own thing Mr. Sailor smiled and sauntered over to the couple trying to rig the Nordica.

A joyous laugh shifted my focus back to the ramp. A tall, slender woman was entertaining her three companions with a story punctuated by hand motions when she was interrupted by another boater who had just launched. "We're just about done, you can go for your rig," he said.

The tall woman headed up the ramp calling out, "I'm ready for a great day." A new Ford pickup towing an 18' Bayliner eased down the ramp, stopping 5' from the water. A woman jumped out of the truck to direct the trailer on down. At first I didn't recognize her as the woman who had been joking a minute ago. Launchitis had set her face into that of a top sergeant. Her motions were quick and decisive. Under the full force of the disease she was sure she was the only one who could handle this situation. She unhooked the boat and led it off the trailer and over to the dock to tie up. A couple holding hands and a slender man joined her, standing on the dock as Take Charge climbed into the boat.

"Get me the rugs!" she barked at the thin nervous man. He scurried off, trailed by the other man. Take Charge readied the boat while the other woman looked on with a blank expression until she asked, "How much do you pay for this boat?"

"$266 a month," was the curt reply.

The other woman whistled before moving off to help unload the pickup. Take Charge fired up the boat engine. Skinny and boyfriend returned with carpets, coolers, clothes, a raft, and beer. They stood frozen on the dock as Take Charge ordered the gear aboard and stowed it. Her mouth was tight, there was no conversation. "Park the truck, for Chrissake!" she ordered. The men returned and were allowed to board. Take Charge jumped out, casted off, jumped in, shoved the throttle/gear in, grinned, and ordered, "Hand me a beer!"

Launchitis-induced personality changes are a revelation in human behavior, but for pure entertainment give me the screamer. The Lake Union Screamer started out calmly behind the wheel of a polished maroon station wagon. He backed down a 16' Boston Whaler, stopping short of the lake edge. Two teenage girls emerged from the car blowing bubble gum. They were dark haired beauties in shorts and halters. Looked like quality time with dad at the lake.

Father leaned out the car window yelling, "Dani, stand on the trailer tongue." Dani hitched up her halter and blew another bubble. Still hanging out the window father shouted, "Are you standing on the trailer?" Bubbles shrugged her shoulders and mumbled, "I'll get my feet wet."

Father's face reddened. It had to to maintain the volume. "Dammit! Stand on the trailer, dummy. It's the only way to get launched." Bubbles sighed and climbed on the trailer. Dad yelled, "Is it loose yet? What's holding it up? Are you standing on the trailer?" By this time the boat's in the water as far as it can go.

A bystander, an older gentleman, can't take it any longer. "Your transom hooks are on."

Screamer suddenly stopped shouting and looked at the old man like he just came in from Mars. "Sonuvabitch!" he roared and pulled the boat back out of the water, bolted out of the car and stomped back to unhook the transom straps. The girls fiddled with their halters and giggled. The red-faced screamer glared at them, climbed in the car and backed down again yelling, "Dani, is it straight?"

"Yes." Bubble.

By now everyone at the dock is helping just to get them underway and out of there. However, the helpful fellow boaters are smiling at each other, though eyebrows are raised. I understand the smiles. Screamer touches a sympathetic chord in most of us who see ourselves in similar stress events. Launchitis is, after all, a human disease. But I must admit that there were boaters there who showed no symptoms. Their behavior merits a brief discussion prompted by the author's desire for honest reporting which overcomes a deep seated hostility.

Perfection is not a human condition. Among perfect boaters there is no one member of the crew who stands out from the others. Sure of their skills, each crewman works together to launch. Examples: A young couple swing down and launch a narrow 17' double ended wooden sailboat. They rig, launch, and set sail in less than five minutes without a word. An 18' Swampscott Dory is put in smoothly by rolling the boat on big bumpers and is rowed smartly away. Two men rig and launch a traditional 15' wooden boat fitted out with marlinespike rope fenders in five minutes. A woman in a fishnet sweater and faded jeans motors up to the ramp in a Boston Whaler as a man drives the car and trailer to the ramp. Working quickly and silently they are loaded up and gone in under four minutes.

Such efficiency should have been a joy to watch. But it wasn't. It was downright depressing. No launch should occur without some small display of tension, if for no other reason than to make those of us afflicted with launchitis more at ease. If someone ahead of us launches smoothly and with good humor it only intensifies the odds that something will happen to us. Then it hit me. Maybe these perfect boat launchers have the symptoms but they are so buried that when faced with a true emergency they'll fall apart, while the rest of us, whether tight lipped or screaming, will be fully prepared for an emergency having gone through so many dress rehearsals.

It's a thin possibility but I hope that that is some comfort to the Nordica crew. After an hour and a half of the dock circus we had had it, stomachs growling took precedence over launching photos. We left the Nordica halfway in the water with the winch line of the trailer wedged into the bowline.

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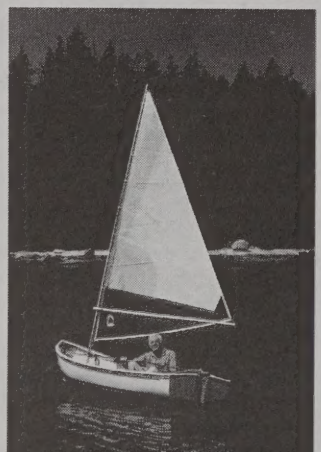

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More Aleutian Adventures

By Mississippi Bob

Reindeer

During m the '50s the Coast Guard had several navigation lights in the Aleutian Islands. Ships and boats slip between the islands when traveling between the Pacific and the Bering Sea. The Coast Guard saw a need to light some of the passes. The priority of the light determined if it were a manned light or not. While traveling to Attu the *Storis* stopped at one of these unmanned lights to do our annual maintenance on it.

The Aleutian chain was formed by the movement of the earth's tectonic plates. The Pacific plate is slowly riding up over the plate that holds the Bering Sea. The islands are parts of the edge of the Pacific plate that stick up above the ocean's surface. These rock formations are twisted about 60 degrees from horizontal.

When we arrived off this island the call went out for volunteers. Somehow I always got picked to be a volunteer. On that day they needed some pack animals to climb up this 60 degree slope and carry tool boxes and batteries up to the light. This was about a 1500' climb. Each of us volunteers had a pack board with some of the necessary gear.

We went ashore in the 26' motor whale boat and landed on the only beach we found within a mile of the light. We unloaded all the gear and the boat headed back to the ship. The climb took us a couple of hours. At the top we found a small flat area where the light had been built. We had a few minutes to enjoy the snacks that we had brought along while the work was being done on the light.

While we were resting we studied the view. Our ship, all 230' of it, looked like a tiny speck out on the blue background. Behind us the land dropped off even steeper that the face we had climbed. A couple of us looked down into this canyon behind the light. The bottom appeared to be covered with brush. We watched for a minute and then realized that this brush was moving.

This movement caught our eye, then suddenly we came to realize that we were looking down on one terrific herd of reindeer. What we had mistaken for brush was antlers. Both sexes of reindeer have antlers and the racks that they carry are out of proportion for deer their size. Never had I seen a herd like that. We spent the rest of the day trying to figure out how an island like this could support such a head. Later on back aboard we had a real hard time trying to get anyone to believe what we had seen.

Invitation to Supper

The Coast Guard Cutter *Storis* had a very large area to work. Our homeport was Kodiak and the western end of our area was Attu. Attu is the westernmost island in the Aleutians. I would guess that it is 1500 miles from Kodiak, didn't get there often.

In the '50s there was a Loran station on Attu and it was one of our duties to help service this station. I believe they had an airstrip but it was still very very remote. We got there once in the year that I was aboard. Early that summer we headed west to service the Aleutians, making several stops along the way to service remote unmanned lights and score of other duties.

On this trip we had a number of passengers, including some wildlife men doing a study of the sea otters that were just beginning a come back from near extinction. Another passenger was a 12-year-old Aleut boy who we were taking home to his village on one of the islands midway down the chain.

My day job on the *Storis* was in the main cargo hold. I was the boss there until the chief came along. I even had an office. I shared this space with a board full of hand tools and my prize, a Singer sewing machine. Among my other duties I was the ship's sail maker.

The 12-year-old boy was all boy and restless after spending some time at the Kodiak base hospital. He wandered around the ship and would kill time anywhere the guys would let him stay. A few days out to sea he found my space. We got along quite well. At 12 he was the man of the house. I could tell he was serious about this responsibility. His father had died in a whaling accident a few years earlier and he lived with his mother and five sisters. He had gone to Kodiak's hospital a couple months earlier and was waiting for a chance to get home. I got to know this young man pretty well in the short time we had together and felt a mixture of respect and sadness for him.

The chief bosun was my boss in the hold. He came down one morning and we opened the hatch to the storage hold below the main hold. Together we sorted through all of the old foul weather gear and found about a dozen of the worst ones and threw them up on the deck above. After we buttoned up the lower hold he said to make bundles of them, weight them well, and deep six them.

I was doing just that when I had my 12-year-old visitor. He figured out instantly what I was up to. "Are you going to deep six them?" he asked. He talked me into waiting a day and deep sixing them on the dock at his village. This was against my orders but I really liked this kid and decided to do just that. Those poor Aleuts would find a good use for our worn out stuff.

The next day we tied up at the pier in his village. They had a pretty substantial dock, probably built during WWII. Our ship nearly covered the whole pier. The boy went home. The ship's doctor set up shop and saw anyone with a medical problem and the foulies went over the side. The kid was good to his word, the bundles disappeared just as fast as I could carry them on deck and drop them over the side.

Later that day the boy was back on board to thank me and I got an invite that I never got a chance to use. "I have five sisters," he said. "You come up to my place for supper." That kind of invite a sailor doesn't get very often. But in mid-afternoon the wind began increasing and our dock was facing north into the Bering Sea. We had no shelter from this north wind so the decision was made that we had to get underway.

"Someone find Red Dog, and hurry back," the captain ordered. Red Dog was a buff Labrador mix. He was the ship's mascot. He had girlfriends on all the islands. There are probably still some of his offspring mixed with the huskies in the Aleutians. The doctor hurried his patients off and the last one back aboard over the gang plank was Red Dog. The ship was beginning to roll against the dock as we singled up. By the time the last lines were aboard the ship was rolling about 20 degrees. We got away from the dock before we beat it to death.

We headed back into the Pacific west toward Attu. We never got back to that island and I have always wondered what I missed.

"If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

International

Orders for new ships of all varieties are at record levels, as are charter rates for a wide range of vessels. Container ships will be in short supply on some routes. All 1,500 tankers are booked up. Prices for oil and steel are shooting ever higher, as are freight rates. There are severe port congestions and labor shortages, especially on the U.S. West Coast and in the U.K. The high demand for LNG carriers is having dramatic impacts on the prices and supplies of metals such as nickel and aluminum. In all, there is a general boom and the industry seems to have forgotten that every boom is invariably followed by a bust.

To illustrate what is happening, Exxon Mobil paid $6.95 million for the tanker *Front Page* to move $100 million (2 million barrels) of midwest crude oil to a Louisiana refinery. Last year a similar voyage cost Exxon Mobil only $2.4 million. As an official of one tanker fleet said, "In this market, we're making $5 million every day of net profit, even on Sundays."

To put those Exxon Mobil trips in perspective, please note that the world is expected to consume an additional 2.7 million barrels each day this year than in 2003. Unfortunately, there are shortfalls throughout the length of the oil production chain, from fewer oil discoveries and too few tankers to not enough refineries, and those that exist are often unable to process certain kinds of crude oil into the products required for their markets. Investment in more refinery capacity is badly needed.

On a far smaller scale, a Lloyd's Register expert said Europe's R&D facilities were producing answers that will mostly be used outside of Europe, and non-Europeans are doing most of the R&D and then going home or elsewhere. He also said there aren't enough testing facilities in Europe and those in existence are too costly and their numbers are declining.

As we compiled this column, two reports came. One stated that the tanker *Tropic Brilliance* is blocking the Suez Canal, thus inconveniencing well over 100 ships. It will be removed as soon as another tanker can lighten off some of its cargo. And the important Volga-Don Canal, connecting those rivers with the Black Sea, is closed because the barge *Sea Baroness* hit the Konstantinovskiy lock, smashing its gates. Some of the 122 ships thus blocked have decided not to wait for repairs (expected to take several weeks) and will continue their voyages via the Baltic Sea and around Europe. The two incidents are apparently accidents but serve as reminders of what terrorists could easily do.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Most vessels complete their voyages safely and on time but, as one might expect, there are exceptions. Here are a random few last month:

A violent storm hit the coast of Sakhalin and the Mongolian-flagged timber carrier *West* sank and its crew of 27 Russians went missing.

Another ship sank and six Russians reached the coast in an inflatable boat, safe but unable to tell what happened to the ship or four shipmates.

The Cambodian-flagged *Arosa* heading for Japan with coal sank and only seven out of 15 crew were saved.

Typhoon Tokage hit Japan hard but the only major maritime incident was when the training ship *Kaiwo Maru,* operated by the National Institute for Sea Training, crashed into a breakwater. Three of its crew of 167 were hurt and were evacuated by helicopter.

The Antigua and Baruda-flagged container ship *Milena* ran aground in Singapore waters.

The outbound container ship *SCM Athina* ran into an unmanned gas platform in the Gulf of Mexico and started a fire.

Even the little ones got hurt: Half the crew of eight of the Japanese fishing vessel *Suehiro Maru No. 55* went missing in the Sea of Japan after the FV collided with the 612-ton gravel-carrying *Myoetsu Maru*.

The Grey Fleets

The Russian Navy celebrated its 308th birthday on October 30. On that day in 1696 Peter the Great issued a decree that 12 ships were to be built by merchants, ordinary traders, and foreign merchants, while every 10,000 nobility households and every 8,000 priestly households were to build a ship each.

The *USS Constellation*, a sloop of war built in 1854 as the U.S. Navy's last all-sail warship and once thought to be the oldest U.S. naval vessel afloat (a long story here), was moved from Baltimore to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. The vessel had served as a training vessel there from 1871 to 1893.

Britain's Ministry of Defense hired U.S. mega-contractor General Dynamics' Electric Boat division to bring costs under control for the Royal Navy's new Astute class nuclear submarines. The first being built is already almost four years late and about £1 billion over budget.

And the subs are not the only problem Britain's Senior Service has. The Royal Navy is allowing a non-commissioned officer and registered Satanist to perform Satanic rituals aboard his ship and has promised to give him a Satanic funeral carried out by the Church of Satan if he is killed in action.

The Canadian submarine *HMCS Chicoutimi*, one of four ex-Royal Navy Oberon class subs leased from the U.K., had a severe electrical fire while en route to Canada. One officer died from the results of smoke inhalation. The fire apparently started in the captain's cabin where wiring seems not to have been updated along with other wiring. The Canadians decided that they will repair the sub at Halifax and will ship it there on a float-on/float-off heavy-lift vessel.

A second commissioned U.S. Navy warship, the command ship *USS Mount Whitney*, was transferred to the Military Sealift Command and will now have a civilian master and crew. The warship also has a 350 sailor Navy contingent that mans command and control areas. Unlike most MSC ships, the ship's name will be not be prefaced by the customary USNS. The ship is being overhauled and its accommodations brought up to MSC habitability standards. When completed, the ship will replace the *USS La Salle* as flagship of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

The U.S. Navy plans to reduce crew sizes on aircraft carriers because experiments on cruisers, destroyers, and amphibious ships have worked out so well. In the Optimal Manning Experiment, the aircraft carrier *USS Nimitz* will try losing 660 people out of 4,200, its normal manning. Jobs that can be done ashore will be done ashore while, for example, postal clerk duties will be performed by storekeepers or disbursing clerks.

Four South Korean sailors went missing during stormy weather off the southwestern coast of Korea. Their five-man vessel was returning from a night time training mission when engine troubles struck and their vessel capsized and sank.

The U.S. Navy captured more than 37 tons of cocaine in five seizures at sea, much of it taken several hundred miles west of the Galapagos Islands, and the Dutch Navy brought in more than 1,300 kilos of cocaine it took from a vessel in the western Caribbean.

Pleasure Cruising

The *Pacific Sky* had valve problems that delayed its sailing from Brisbane by 29 hours. Then engine problems a day out forced the ship to return, disappointing 1,485 passengers who had expected a 14-day cruise to Mystery Island in Vanuatu and other islands.

While the operator of a whale-watching boat off Diamond Head twiddled with the controls of his PA system, the boat ran into a humpback whale. A 3-year-old boy lost his balance and hit the handrail and then the deck and died from neck and head injuries.

Ferries

A river ferry capsized in southern Bangladesh after colliding with a bigger, two decked vessel. Thirty-five swam ashore but 15 were missing.

In Havelock North Carolina, the ferry *Neuse* crashed into its loading ramp at almost full speed, badly damaging the ramp but leaving vehicles and passengers unharmed. Repairs took about ten days.

In Malaysia, perhaps 100,000 illegal immigrants were granted immunity for returning home for the Hari Raya celebrations. All eight ferry operators agreed to use their 27 ferries.

Transport Canada divested itself of the Port of Corner Brook and a cargo ferry service from Corner Brook, Newfoundland to New Brunswick seems a bit closer some four years after it was first proposed. Service may start next spring.

British Columbia ferry workers have promised to see that B.C. Liberals will not win in the next elections. They feel the politicians were responsible for the arbitration that gave them a "shocking" seven-year contract with B.C. Ferry Services.

Passengers on the *Queen of Cowichan* can now drink its water now that traces of arsenic five times Health Canada's allowable limits have been eliminated from its tanks. The ferry uses municipal water from Nanaimo, British Columbia.

The fast ferry *Spirit of Ontario* remains at its dock in Rochester, New York, while many people explore ways of restarting service to Toronto. The service stopped after only 80 days, dragged down by unexpected expenses and governmental conditions and requirements.

The Philippine government revealed that the deadly explosion on the *Superferry 14* last February was the result of an extortion attempt by the Abu Sayaf rebels. The ferry company had refused to pay millions of dollars for "protection."

The new fast ferry *Whaling City* from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to Martha's Vineyard had a successful summer and the company will now see whether winter runs are feasible. A subsidized slow ferry service lost money and will probably stop in 2005 when a

second fast ferry goes into service.

Germany donated six million euros and obtained European Investment Bank funding for another six million for replacing the Senegalese ferry *La Joola*, which sank in September 2002 with the loss of almost 2,000 lives.

Metal-Working

Back in the late '70s, Britain tried to unite all its commercial and naval shipbuilding yards but the British Shipbuilders scheme failed after billions of pounds had been wasted. Now a smaller version may be tried, at least for warship construction. The U.K. faces a mini-boom in that area over the next few years and builders want the work allotted in a spaced and fair manner. Possibly all yards may be united under one company whose shares could be floated on the stock market, or a looser alliance may emerge.

Although commercial order books are full at many yards, escalating steel and prices, variable currencies, and rising wages are creating feelings of caution. Add to these the emotion of indignation in Korea when that nation's biggest steel supplier raised prices about the same time it announced record quarterly earnings.

The European Commission decided that financial aid to shipyards in Spain, Greece, and Germany was illegal and must be repaid, and a Greek statute allowing coverage of certain costs by the government must be repealed. As a result, Spain's Izar must repay 556 million euros and Kvaerner must repay 13.3 million euros for subsidies during the 1990s in eastern Germany. In spite of the Commission's findings, German yards want more subsidies from the federal states but the states want the government to take a larger share.

German shipowners' placement of ship orders with foreign builders has created as least 3,500 jobs for component makers in Germany (but hasn't done much for its domestic shipbuilders).

VLCCs are now so popular as tankers or storage vessels that they are being withdrawn from the scrapping market. Scrappers are offering prices in the $400+ per light displacement ton range but only smaller tankers are being offered.

The Environment

Environmentalists cheered when a Basel Convention conference urged the IMO to develop mandatory shipbreaking rules.

The LNG carrier *Granatina* is the world's first vessel to receive a Green Passport, a new initiative of the IMO. The document contains an inventory of all materials that may be hazardous to humans or the environment and accompanies a ship through its life until it is scrapped.

Indonesia issued a second warning to the owner and the pertinent P&I Club that it wanted the sunken car carrier *Hyundai 105* removed, not just cut down to allow safe passage of ships over it. The salvage job may be one of the world's largest and most expensive operations. The ship sank in May after it collided with a VLCC.

The source of a mystery spill of crude oil on Puget Sound is narrowing in at the aging tanker *Polar Texas* (ex-*ARCO Texas* and *Chevron Hawaii*). The tanker and its owner has been the subject of several investigations. Ironically, the 1973-built tanker was to be taken out of service the next month after the spill.

Legalities and Punishments

Lately the words "Indonesian" and "tugboat" usually mean another kidnapping or piracy attack. But this time the master of an Indonesian tugboat was sentenced to three months in jail and fined $5,000 for smuggling reptile skins into Singapore.

The master of the tanker *Vancouver Spirit* refused to appear before a French court, citing unwillingness to be judged by a French court. In the end he was fined $126,000 for voluntarily leaving a trail of oil off the French coast in mid-2001.

A French court dropped charges against the French master of the *VLCC Provence* when the court recognized the lack of clear evidence in a case whose investigation started a year after the alleged pollution.

Israel imprisoned for 25 years the master of a Palestinian arms smuggling vessel. Its capture two years ago triggered Washington's decision to shun Palestinian President Yasser Arafat,

The master and chief engineer of the container ship *CMA CGM Verlaine* were allowed to leave Malta after posting bail of $5,866 each. Both pleaded not guilty to charges of involuntary manslaughter when the ship's bow thruster was activated, sucking a diver into it and killing him.

A U.S. court decided that a ship owner could be found guilty of negligence if the master of one of its ships allows a drunken mariner aboard to sleep it off and the drunk subsequently assaults and seriously injures a shipmate while in a bellicose phase of drunkenness. Another U.S. court decided that cetaceans (whales, porpoises, and dolphins) lack standing to bring suit against the U.S. Navy's use of a towed sonar system. (An attorney had taken it upon himself to act for the beasties.)

Australia fined the owners of the *Pax Phoenix* $85,000 for discharging oily waste into the Great Barrier Reef in 2001.

Piracy and Terrorism

Piracy in the first three quarters of 2004 dropped to the lowest levels in five years with only 251 attacks, down from 344 attacks in the same period last year. The 27% drop may be due to late reporting.

Fourteen Bangladesh fishermen were found frozen to death in the refrigerated hold of their fishing vessel. Pirates had forced them below, then battened the hatches. But two kidnapped Filipino seafarers were released by their captors. The master and chief engineer had been taken off the tugboat *Erna* three weeks earlier in the Malacca Strait (ransom was probably paid.)

Odd Bits

The Belgian port of Ghent and the Dutch port of Terneuzen will benefit from a new lock on the canal serving the ports. The present lock is limited to Panamax sized vessels whereas the new lock, due in 2015 or 2016, will pass lightened Capesize ships.

The fleet of a German shipping company will soon be doubled and it needs 470 officers. The problem is that it cannot find enough German officers to satisfy a requirement that the master and two other officers be German (although European Union officers are acceptable if nationals are not available). In any case, the company is busy recruiting.

The U.S. operator of LASH (Lighter Aboard Ship) carriers said that they are not obsolete and he planned to build new LASH carriers especially for use in the Southeast Asia. Tug crews who have to push or tow the awkward, square-ended boxes probably did not cheer at this news.

For what it's worth, a Korean group visited Myanmar, Vietnam, Poland, Ukraine, and Croatia and found that the seafarers from Myanmar are most competitive (cheapest), although Ukrainians had an edge in quality (as did the Poles) but were available only six months of each year. Vietnamese and Myanmar seafarers were available on easy employment terms.

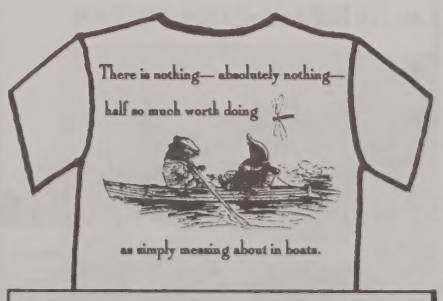
Tiger Woods bought a big motor yacht and named it *Privacy*. First the yacht was turned away from San Juan, Puerto Rico, because it had failed to file notice of its arrival in advance. Tiger and his new wife stayed on board at Coast Guard request. Then Tiger found that the yacht's builder had used photos of Tiger and the yacht at a trade show in spite of a privacy clause in the building contract. Tiger sued. The builder should have remembered the yacht's name.

Mariner Lijoun Edwin Kasang applied for a wedding license but was denied because he had been declared dead by the Forensic Unit at the Kuala Lampur Hospital. "They told me I died in an accident aboard a merchant ship two years ago." That was about the time he lost his identity card. He hopes the matter can resolved because he wants to marry his girl.

Head Shakers

In May, the sail training ship *Lord Nelson* collided with London's Tower Bridge when it did not open. The sea pilot, the ship's master, and the Port of London Authority each thought arrangements had been made but nobody had told the bridge keeper. Luckily nobody was hurt and the ship was rescued from the Bridge's grasp by a passing tug towing rubbish barges.

Here's an illustration of landsman ignorance of what it's like at sea. In New Zealand, a crewman on the fishing vessel *Alfred* was killed when it hit an anchored barge. The barge was close to the transit line used by departing boats and the coroner wanted to know why the owners of the barge were not charged with something.



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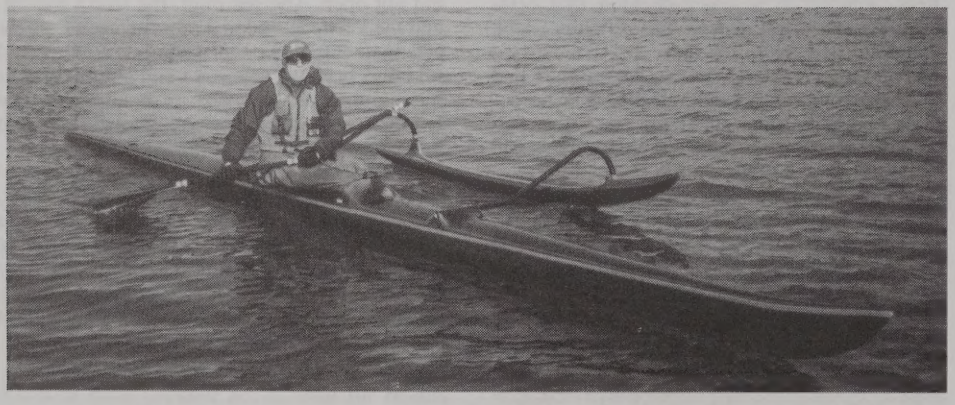

At Northeast Harbor, Maine.

Late fall in Camden, Maine.

Those Outrageous Outriggers

By Reinhard Zollitsch
<reinhard@maine.edu>

I have been messing about in boats all my life, and while reflecting about all my "old friends" in the doldrums of winter, I noticed that they have been getting smaller over the years. I can well remember working on 1,000 and even 10,000 ton freighters and sailing on a two-masted schooner, but now I find myself sailing my minimal 22' swing keeler or paddling all types of canoes and kayaks. With my retirement years now at hand, I find my boats have shrunk even further.

My funnest thing to do right now is sitting in a boat with a maximum hull width of 13.5" out on the Atlantic and solo. What is wrong with this picture? With age I should be stepping up to the next size boat, taking it easy, going for comfort, and being more sociable rather than trimming down. I do hope, though, that this downsizing trend will not continue beyond 13.5" and put me back in a bathtub with a little choo choo tugboat, where all my boating began.

So let me tell you about my latest toy. The hull of this boat is 24' long, 13.5" wide, weighing in at about 24lbs. I paddle it with "half a paddle" as kayakers would say, and you'll find me out on the Atlantic where sea kayakers go, mostly solo, swishing along at a relaxed 11 minute/mile pace. I forgot to mention this hull has two curved, black, anodized aluminum arms on its port side holding on to a slender 5" wide and about 9' long stabilizing float. You guessed it, it's a solo outrigger canoe with iakos and ama.

This type of boat, of course, is nothing new. It has an illustrious history in Polynesia and especially in the Hawaiian Islands. You may have seen the bigger six-person boats on TV, racing the Molokai channel in Hawaii or up and down the Hudson River along Manhattan Island and around the Statue of Liberty. In recent years, outrigger canoeing in Hawaii has become part of a native revival and is a big deal, not just as a re-enactment of a bygone era for the tourists, but as a sporting event with local, state, and even international significance.

Australia and New Zealand caught the bug first, then California, and now practically the entire Pacific coast up to Vancouver is into outriggers. Even Japan joined the fray. My son Mark raced the big boats in many significant races, including the Molokai Hoe Race, and introduced me to the new sport and I was hooked, with the solo boats, that is.

Originally these boats were open boats. Now they are often covered with elaborate spray skirts for the longer open water races and passages. The solo boats in those warmer climes developed fast from a dug-out canoe with crude outrigger to a fiberglass sit-on-top surfski-like boat with an elegant ama. The entire boat is sealed off, only feet and butt are set up in self-draining indentations. It looked like a very wet and wild ride to me. When one falls off, one simply flips the boat, ama and all, and gets back on surfski style. Paddlers even wear leashes, like surfboarders, so the boat cannot blow away from them. A boat like that would drift faster than one can swim, not a pretty picture a mile or more off shore.

When I first heard about these outrageous solo outriggers, I could not wait to get to

Hawaii, to some Outrigger Hotel, of course, to try them out. But when I checked my checkbook I suddenly had the clever idea of bringing Hawaii to Maine. Why not? I would invest air fare and hotel costs for two instead into a new boat and paddle my favorite haunts Down East. Yes, two, nobody should go to Hawaii alone, right?

But what about our colder water and air temperatures? I would not last very long out there on Maine waters, not even in summer, not even in a wet suit. Going out only in the best of weather was definitely not in keeping with what these boats were designed for. I needed a Plan B.

I did some research and, voila, there it was. One company along our eastern Atlantic seaboard had already designed my type of boat, a boat with a "roomy" Olympic kayak style cockpit with zippered cockpit cover and neoprene waist band. It even had room for a dry bag under the seat and suddenly looked like a boat for all seasons. Perfect! And this company also offered this boat in different layups, at the top end a high-tech black carbon fiber/Kevlar foam sandwich for maximum strength and minimum weight. It looked outrageously cool. I was hooked.

I checked its pedigree, passed the info by my son Mark, and ordered it sight unseen, never having paddled a boat like that. A few weeks later I picked it up in Boston and raced it in the 2002 Blackburn Challenge, covering the 20 miles around Gloucester and Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in 3:46 hours. What a boat, what speed for a canoe, what stability,compared to my Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe, especially in the rough stuff and in following seas, and what an eye-catcher.

At the end of the race I had less than a cup of water in the boat. I was psyched. So how does one keep a boat like that upright? Let me first reiterate the basic open water rule: Open water is not for beginners! A sea kayaker with intermediate open water skills, though, can quickly learn to enjoy paddling this "outrageous contraption" (a word I often hear used by local fishermen who do not know what to make of this boat. It just does not fit their dory shaped boat concept). Solo outriggers also attract a lot of Olympic boat paddlers as well as USCA marathon canoeists, boaters with great balance, a need for speed, and no boat to join the fun out on the ocean.

Being a well-versed and very prudent expert sea canoeist with many successful long distance ocean trips under my belt, I felt confident I could handle the "new beast," even with only six days for set-up and practice. I am a quick learner, very analytical, and can transfer my skills from one type of boat to another. I have gone through many boat switches in my life.

I found a very good set-up for the Blackburn by quickly testing all adjustable parameters and have only tweaked it ever so slightly since then. A proper set-up for the wind and sea conditions at hand are very important for this type of boat. And practice, as we all know, builds confidence in yourself and the boat.

My Savage River Surfrigger (which in other parts of the world is known as the Pacific 24) has an adjustable seat and solid foot braces, the bow bulkhead, with toe steering flaps. So I adjust the seat to get comfortable, not the footbrace, as I would in a kayak. The large deep rudder is over 4' from the stern like on an Olympic kayak. It has a real bite and turns the boat, or better, keeps the boat tracking where I want it to go in the waves. It will nicely allow me to paddle on the side I need to paddle because of wind and sea conditions. In real rough conditions or being on a glide with waves from behind I would want to paddle on starboard, so I can throw a low brace in case the ama lifts and I feel myself going in on the right.

The ama on my boat has three adjustment features. I can set the ama closer or farther away from the hull. I find this superfluous, because when I set it closer I hit it with my paddle on the port side and, of course, it makes the whole shebang more tippy. So I have it set up way out, 36" that is, which seems to be just right for my return paddle swing. Most other boats do not even have this adjustment. It really is not necessary.

The second adjustment controls the trim of the ama. It can be trimmed level for flat water with easy riffles, or bow up for heavier sea conditions, especially with following seas. "Ama up" will help the bow of the ama go over the waves rather than dig in. I now keep the ama bow all the way up all the time since it does not slow me down enough to make any difference, and I do not like the idea of spinning out and dumping at sea.

The third is the most important set-up feature, actually it is the only one I tinker with now. It allows the boat to be slightly leaned towards the ama. Keeping the ama down on the water is all important in a seaway. I tell myself, "Ama down! Or ama going to dump to starboard!" And that can happen real fast if I am not paying attention to the waves and my ama. If the waves come from the left they will lift the ama before they get to the boat. When the ama lifts I will lose my balance and will be levered unceremoniously off my bucking bronco to starboard.

So I anticipate the wind and sea conditions and set myself up for them in advance, before I head out, that is. I cannot make adjustments on the water. If I haven't set myself up perfectly, I will have to watch the waves and my ama more carefully and anticipate the lift by leaning to my left and be ready with a low brace on my right. I even put bright tape on my black ama so I can see it rise better out of the corner of my eye.

I always put in some lean to the left. It increases my stability. With rougher sea conditions, especially from the left or from behind, I put in more. Waves from the right are no problem and heading into them is hard work in any boat and can be wet. But the spray hardly ever reaches the cockpit. I feel even less so than with most sea kayaks.

A 50"-51" long carbon fiber Zaveral bentshaft canoe paddle does fine, but don't forget to lash a spare to the rear iako. I also have a small Ritchie compass firmly mounted on the deck just in front of the cockpit rim (out of the way of my paddle swing over the bow), and I do use the boat leash and always bring a hand bailer and sponge, out of habit, I guess. And yes, I do wear my life jacket, it won't do me any good in the boat, especially if I get separated from it.

I raced in the Blackburn again in 2003 and 2004 and loved the boat even more than the first year, I guess because I could relax more. But this boat is just as much fun on day trips with a small dry bag under the elevated seat, and spray skirt on for the colder seasons. I haven't gone swimming off the boat yet; i.e., dumped, only a couple of times on a warm lake in summer practicing my wet re-entry. No, I cannot roll this boat, I get bucked off into the water. But then I just flip the boat over from the starboard (non-ama) side, bail out the swamped cockpit area (everything else is sealed off with two bulkheads), and climb back in with one foot on the ama, right hand on the stern iako.

At that point I need to get re-oriented and make sure I still have a paddle in hand. After that I can think of opening the self-bailer and have it finish the job for me while I pick up speed again. Eventually I will refasten my spray skirt. By then the incident is forgotten. Once I climbed in without hand bailing and it worked also. In any case, I leave the self-bailer open until I reach my destination.

Here now are a couple of websites you might want to check out. More and more companies are offering solo outriggers for sale, even midwestern and East Coast manufacturers like Wenonah in Minnesota and Savage River in Maryland. And new outrigger canoe clubs are springing up everywhere, from St. Petersburg, Florida, which already boasts a membership of 300 paddlers, to my more regional Boston Outrigger Club and the ECORA (East Coast Outrigger Association). So you see, one doesn't have to go to Hawaii anymore to enjoy paddling those outrageous outriggers. One can buy these boats right here or join a club. Bring Hawaii to you, as I have. And remember, when you next see one of these boats on the water in your neck of the woods, act nonchalant and knowledgeable, and please don't point to ama and iakos saying, "training wheels, eh?"

Information Sources

http://www.savageriver.com
Oakland/Swanton, MD
http://www.wenonahcanoe-com
Wenonah, MN
http://www.hawaiianoutriggers.com
Milford, CT
http:/www.bostonoutrigger.com
Boston, MA
http://www.eastcoastoutrigger.com
(ECORA), a great source of information for outriggering along the Atlantic Seaboard from Florida to Maine. Also check out their LINKS.

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Andrea Gets Her Sea Legs

By Ken Spring

When I opened my do-it-yourself boat building shop, Small Open Boats (SOBs for short), I anticipated routine requests to build dinghys, canoes, kayaks, and small skiffs. It was a real surprise when my first customer, Andrea Rea, wanted to build a racing pedal boat. Andrea had tried out some fast pedal boats on lakes in the Midwest and came prepared with a book of photos of them. Most were outlandish assemblies of surfboard-like hulls with a pedal drive mounted in front of seat similar to that on a recumbent bicycle. Because of their non-existent freeboard, shallow draft, and high center of gravity they looked inherently unstable.

I was very uneasy when she suggested that she build one of these in my shop. My unease blossomed into fear when she mentioned that she wanted to pedal on Chesapeake Bay or on some of its large rivers. I really had no idea what kind of boat to suggest as a starting point, but I knew that the designs that she showed me were a disaster waiting to happen. Since I did not want to discourage a neophyte boat builder (and potential customer), I turned for advice to the font of knowledge on all human powered craft, our editor, Bob Hicks.

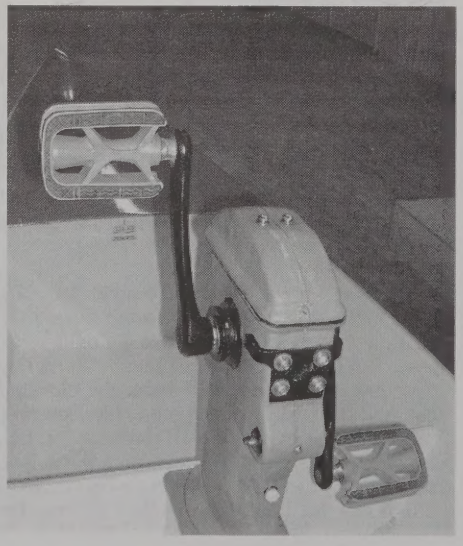
Bob suggested a sea kayak or pirogue with hard chines and sufficient beam to be stable in turns and chop. After a couple of weeks of reviewing plans, we settled on a Louisiana pirogue and purchased the plans and frame kit from Uncle John's Cajun Pirogues in Sulphur City, Louisiana. I set up a strongback building platform that was 14' long and 2' wide on which to construct this 15'7" LOA, 31" beam, flat bottom, hard chine doublender. We used 6mm okoume plywood for the topsides and for the bottom.

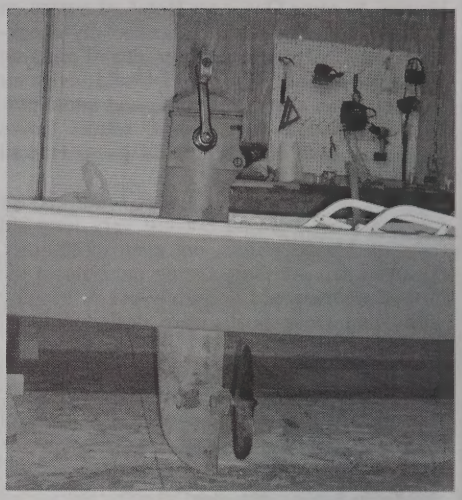
Andrea wanted to learn everything, so she first did the scarphing using a power plane equipped with the John Henry attachment. The scarphs were glued with thickened epoxy and allowed to cure overnight. On the second day they were attached to the stems and a boat began to emerge. Next, the bottom was roughly shaped and its inside surface covered with a layer of 6oz. cloth. While the bottom was curing, we cut the gunwale strips from a 16' length of poplar and shaped them to a pleasing contour on the router table.

With the hull upside down on the strongback, we temporarily clamped the gunwales to the topside sheets and put the cured bottom on the boat for the final fit. We then glued the bottom in place with epoxy and taped the outside seams. The rest went as expected, we added fillets to the inside, taped the seams, and then flipped the boat once again to glass the exterior. We used 6oz. cloth on both the topsides and the bottom and added extra layers to the stems. After the hull had been sanded, the bottom was coated with thickened epoxy to which aluminum oxide powder had been added. This gives the bottom a hard surface that will not be damaged by beaching.

Although I did not realize it at the time, the most difficult part of the construction process was about to occur, selection of the colors for the hull and trim. Andrea had generated computerized depictions of various color schemes, many of which appeared ghastly to my traditional thinking ("Why not white?" I kept asking). She finally settled on a pink hull with egg-yolk yellow gunwales and interior. The boat changed color several times during the next few weeks, at times causing dyspepsia in visitors, but finally the desired combination was achieved. At this point, she had used all of my pigments, virtually all of my foam rollers and brushes and had put on a lot of epoxy that was then subsequently sanded away. I had to charge her for her "extras," but she happily complied because the result pleased her.

We attached the gunwales and added fore and aft decks made of 4mm okoume, with deck beams and bulkheads for support. The decks serve as large flotation compartments as well as providing some protection from the spray. Andrea had purchased a pedal drive from Sea Cycle. This is a self-contained unit with a chain drive with a 6:1 ratio and a rather wide propeller. We set the boat up on a triangular batten and found the balance point. Then Andrea sat in a beach chair in the boat and we positioned the pedal assembly the appropriate

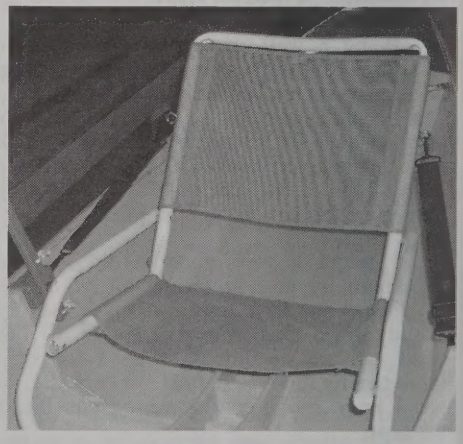




distance from her. We then moved her and the drive forward and back until we had a little more weight aft of the center of gravity. We wanted the bow up a little in anticipation of the chop in the bay.

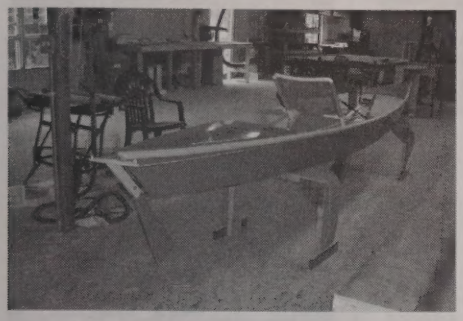
Once the locations of the seat and drive were determined, we cut a slot in the bottom and built a trunk similar to that for a small daggerboard. We extended the trunk sides aft and used them as the seat supports. We wanted the back rail of the seat to be close to the bottom of the boat to keep the center of gravity low. We built a small box around the pedal drive and attached it with epoxy and fiberglass tape to the drive. It was also finished with the aluminum-filled epoxy as was the inside of the trunk.

We built a small "T" out of ash and a rudder out of 6mm okoume. The rudder was glassed with xynole and epoxy. A set of stainless steel screw eyes in the stem and in the rudder assembly served as gudgeons and a 1/2" stainless bolt served as the pintle. We drilled 1/2" holes through the aft bulkhead and out the sides and glued PVC tubes into them. The holes in the tubes allowed the steering ropes to pass without compromising the integrity of the aft flotation compartment. We added a steering stick, some pulleys and a couple of adjustable straps to support the seat back.



Although I was skeptical, the use of a beach chair proved to be a good idea. The chair frame fit into notches in the extended trunk frames and the seat was held in place by the straps from the back to padeyes on the gunwales. Thus the seat could be easily removed for travel, the pedal drive just lifted out, and the rudder kicked up so the boat could be readily put on the top of a car. The finished product

weighed in at 43lbs. for the hull and 13lbs. for the drive. Andrea christened it *Sea Legs* and launched it about two months after she started this project.



To my delight and relief it trimmed out well, tracked perfectly, steered easily, and went fast. The only adjustment needed was to the propeller. The blade had so much surface area that Andrea could not maintain the desired pedaling speed of 60-90 rpm. A few minutes with a cutting wheel on the die grinder reduced the blade width and she was off to the races. We have clocked her by GPS at 5.3 knots, about hull speed for this boat. She has been cruising the coastline and some creeks and rivers and has had no difficulties. One slight complication is that the propeller must be in the correct orientation for the drive to be removed, but this was solved by putting a prominent mark on the top of the assembly as guide.

Uncle John had asked for pictures of the completed boat, probably expecting it never to be built, and has become a strong supporter of pedal power. He now features *Sea Legs* on his website and has become a dealer for the pedal drives. I believe he is in the process of building one for his own use. I would not be surprised next summer to see signs on the shipping channel buoys in the Chesapeake that say "Watch out for cyclists."

Small Open Boats is located at P.O. Box 569, Port Republic, MD 20676, www.sobs.us, <sobs@direcway.com>

A Sailing/Paddling Canoe

By Myron Young

Three years ago I was lofting the hull for a canoe to be built with cedar strip construction. The design was "Chic" from the Mystic Collection. It is 16-1/2' long and 27" wide, fine lined with a firm center section. Looking at the lines I thought it could be a good sailer as well as a paddling canoe if it had a different deck and the sheer in the center was raised a little. About the same time there was an article in *MAIB* by Hugh Horton about a modern rig canoe about the same size. I was hooked and had to try it.

The canoe was built using typical wood strip construction. I used it as a paddling canoe the first year and it is a very nice canoe to paddle in all conditions.

A lot of thought was given to the sail rig and several drawings made of the various parts. On the advice of several people I decided to have the sail made by Stuart Hopkins at Dabbler Sails. After several calls and drawings were exchanged he came up with a 28sf high roach, battened sail with one reef. It is a very fine looking sail.

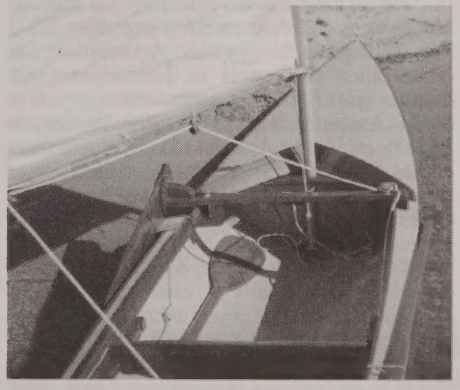
A hollow spruce mast 10' long and 1-1/2" diameter was made, as well as the clamp-on leeboard, folding rudder, tiller, and rest of the rig including most of the fittings. I made a variation of parrels to hold the sail to the mast using a small V cleat instead of tying it. It is quicker and can be done with one hand. Everything has to be done while sitting and within arm's length.

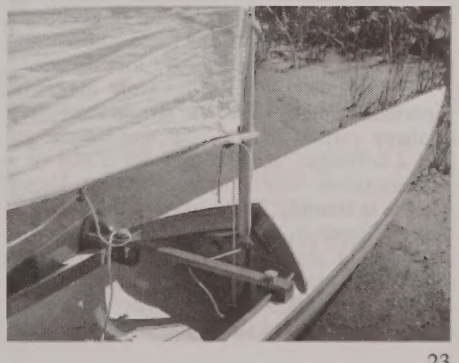
The whole rig except the mast and tiller can be stowed under the decks and they can be lashed to the rear deck, the rudder blade pivots up. I tried to keep the weights as low as possible and still be strong enough. The canoe and paddle weigh 65lbs., the complete rig weighs 20lbs. It took quite a bit of tuning to get everything to work easily and safely and I am always looking for a better way.

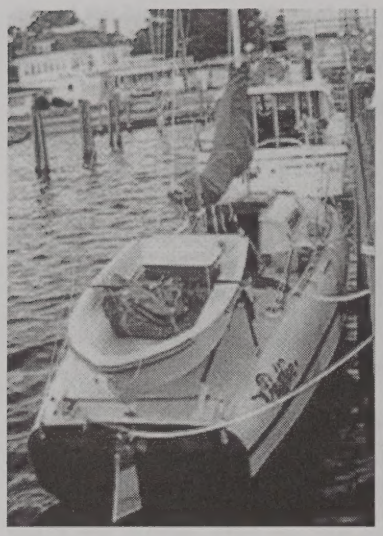
How does it sail? Really good, the hull is very seaworthy for such a narrow canoe and it can handle any reasonable wake or sea. It sails well on all points and is stable and not at all intimidating. With the small amount of rocker in the bottom it is slow to tack but can usually be sailed around.

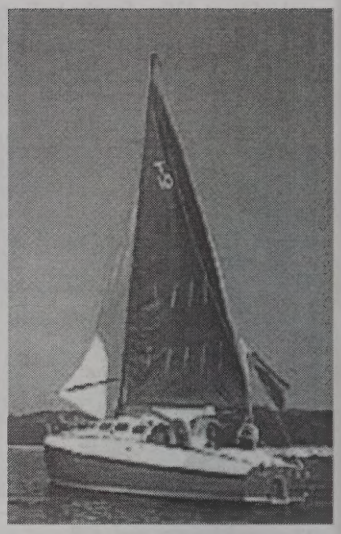
This has been a very enjoyable project for me. It is a fun boat in every way. If anyone has any questions about anything please feel free to write or call me I will be glad to explain things further.

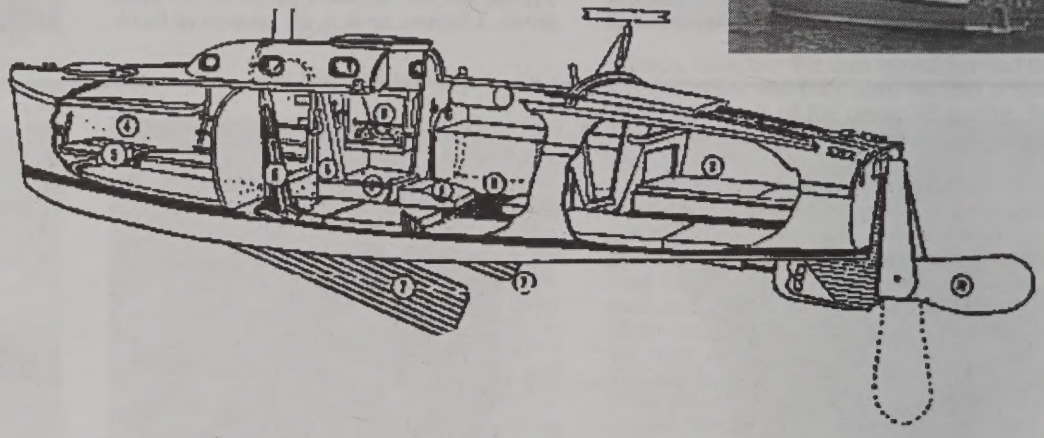
Myron Young, P.O. Box 635, Laurel NY 11948, (631) 298-4512.











Have You A Circa 1960 Fairey Drop Keel Cruiser?

By Colin Twyford and Michael Bosworth

Fairey Marine, an innovative boat manufacturer in Great Britain, sent over 30 of its hot moulded wood laminate drop keel cruisers to the United States and Canada in the late 1950s and early 1960s and at least one, an Atalanta, sailed across. There were about 37 26' Atalantas plus one 26' Titania, one 31' Atalanta, and a 20' Fulmar included in these North American exports. The designs are distinctive for their clever seaworthy, yet trailerable, designs and their rounded gunwales.

The Atalanta Owners Association, an organization that caters to these classic and durable craft (the most numerous of which is the 26' Atalanta), has lost contact with many of these boats. As the Association offers members copies from its comprehensive collection of the original drawings and papers giving details of restoration projects, repairs, and articles of interest, those who now own these boats may wish to join. An Annual Bulletin, including known contact details of owners, articles of logs and repairs etc., is circulated each year to members, with newsletters being delivered in the spring and autumn. Races, rallies, and meetings in the U.K. are organized on a regular basis. The mutual information exchange and help has proven very useful in keeping a remarkable proportion of these sturdy and classic boats operating for over four decades.

In October 1961, *Watersport* magazine reported the result of a boat test on the Fairey Atalanta carried out by Clarence Souter. He and a colleague had the loan for a day of a demonstration boat from the makers, Fairey Marine at Hamble. They sailed in the Solent in a wind Force 3, rising later to Force 4. The boat had a standard cruising rig (Marconi sloop) and made a good 4kts, heeling at an extreme angle of 30 degrees. There was easy access to sheets and single handling was feasible. Only the roller mainsail reefing gear was criticized.

Later in the day when the wind freshened and there was a short sharp popple on the sea, the cockpit kept dry in spite of taking spray over the bows. An increase in weather helm was noted and remedied by adjusting the depth of the keels. Running before the wind and the sea was reasonably steady and the boat went well to windward. On a broad reach and fully sheeted in she proved surprisingly stiff. The writer estimated the price of the boat, with the 16hp Coventry Victor engine and a full cruising inventory, to be about E2,900 in 1961 (about US$5,600 at current exchange rate).

No major criticism or refutation of the maker's claims were made by Mr. Souter, who acknowledged that Uffa Fox's design was unquestionably different from any contemporary cruiser of similar size. Also, as the first true trailer-cruiser, it was more versatile. He did remark that, like all Fairey boats, the Atalanta was built from hot moulded ply which has a high strength to weight ratio and required a minimum of maintenance.

Use of the term ply was imprecise. A strong wooden mould was made to the internal shape of the hull and placed upside down on a flat metal base. Four layers of 2.5mm Agba (an African hardwood resistant to rot and moisture-induced dimensional change) were stapled onto the outer surface of the mould, each layer being coated with thermosetting resin glue. The stem, hog, and keel were added and integrally molded with the hull.

A rubber bag was then placed over the veneer-covered mould and clamped onto the metal bed. This was then evacuated, bringing the bag to bear at a pressure of nearly one atmosphere on the shell. The mold was wheeled into a large autoclave and steam heated to 100 degrees C at an elevated pressure of about 12psi. It was removed after one hour, the staples were withdrawn, and the shell left overnight on the mold. Once removed from the mold, it was allowed to mature for a week before being trimmed and fitted with internal frames for added strength and stiffness.

There is a website, www.atalantaowners.org.uk, to visit, or contact can be made to the Hon. Sec. Colin Twyford, 18 Cavendish Ave., Sidcup, Kent. DA15 9EB, U.K. Telephone is 020-8300-4173, for those wishing to obtain more information.

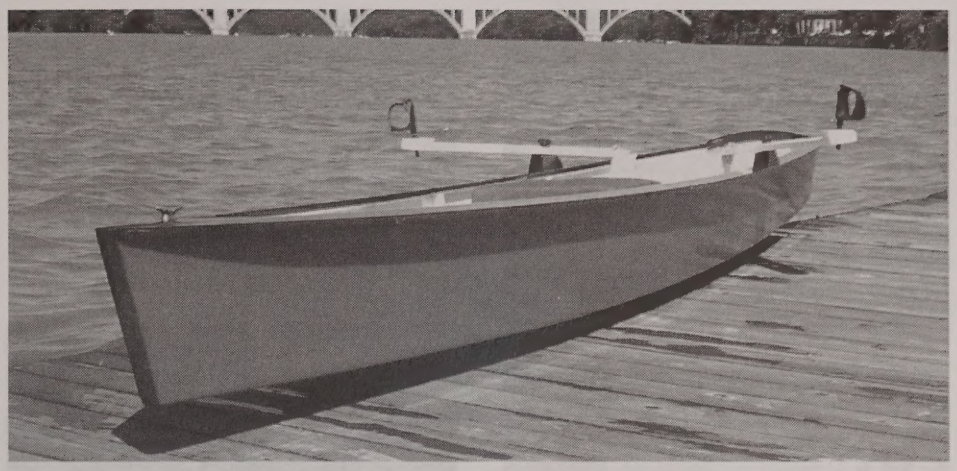
Ship's Company (an all volunteer maritime living history not-for-profit group operating a set of four traditional sailing boats (14'-42' lod) in the northern Chesapeake has operated a 26f' Atlanta in the past as a training boat and currently has a project hull for sale cheap (prior to potential conversion to their circa 1800 use) and thus can answer questions about the boat and its design.,

Interestingly the design is derived from the airborne lifeboats that Uffa Fox designed during WWII (see http://uboat.net/allies/aircraft/warwick.htm for photos of airborne lifeboats Mark 1 and 2 slung under a British Vickers Warwick bomber).

Ship's Company can be contacted (for traditional sailing boat donations for tax credit or info about the Fairey boats or owner's group) via Mike Bosworth (703) 864-4174 or Michael.bosworth@verizon.net.

Designing P.J. Roar

By John Nicholson



After I earned my yacht design diploma from Westlawn, my wife, whose initials are P.J., said she wanted me to design a boat for her to row for exercise. A "P.J. Rower" as it were... P.J. Roar was the result.

Now, P.J. (my wife) is representative of a class of smallish to medium size people. For her and others like her to handle any boat single handed, it must by of a type and size that can be easily loaded and unloaded, moved around, rigged, launched, and retrieved. These requirements eliminate the usual rowing skiff... they are generally too heavy for one person alone to manhandle and they normally require some kind of trailer (which we do not have), unless you have a good pickup (which we do not have either) but, of course, with both methods of transport you still have the basic problem of manhandling the weight. Still with me?

So I decided on a recreational sculling boat. They're light, slim, and just the size for most people to manage. With a set of canoe wheels, most kids over 12 can maneuver them around and the wheels, together with a roller on a roof rack, make loading on top of the car quite easy. With the wheels secured on the hull at the aft end, lift the bow of the boat up onto the roller and slide it a couple feet forward. While holding the hull stationary, move down to the transom. Lift and slide the hull onto the roof rack. You can see a couple of pictures on my website www.jnicholson.
net that will clarify what I mean. So, anyhow, the type was settled, a sculling boat.

But exactly how big? True singles racing sculls are easily 18'-20' long or longer. Freeboard is nil and they are narrow, so much so that a novice sculler needs to practice capsizing and recovering because they are almost certainly going to need the skill! But I'd prefer my wife not go swimming in the Potomac River. While it's cleaner than in years past, particularly after heavy rains the Potomac near Washington D.C. still has a problem with polluted storm water flowing into the river. What I wanted for P.J. was a more stable recreational scull with some freeboard, to heck with wind resistance.

To make it a car topper, overall length became a limiting design parameter, more important than top hull speed. Because 8' is a standard length for lumber and plywood, I decided 15' was just right. A 15-footer can be carried on top of standard-size automobiles and, with planning for scarf joints in standard 8' lumber, a 15' LOA can be constructed with minimum scrap.

So how much beam? Well, I wanted to minimize the likelihood of capsize and I also wanted to minimize the pitching moment often experienced in very narrow sculls when the sliding seat moves fore and aft. As a healthy compromise, I selected a waterline beam of 30". So far it's worked out very well in practice.

The design and construction plan for the hull came together smoothly. She is slightly v-hulled, just a little deadrise, and the bottom and side panels fit without any twist or strain. I used standard construction methods, chines, frames and floors, wood screws, and epoxy, except on the outwales where I used Sikaflex to permit future removal (not without effort) to repair damage to the rail. The hull is from 5/32" marine plywood and everything else is standard pine or spruce, or whatever is most clear and lightest in weight at Home Depot or your local home center.

To give P.J. Roar an uncluttered interior, I used only two full-size frames and two half-height frames. The fore and aft decks, which form the tops of the flotation chambers, contribute to the longitudinal stiffness of the hull. Similarly, there is both an outwale and an inwale, and the outwale is installed edge-on in another nod to longitudinal stiffness.

A good sliding-seat for a home builder was an interesting design project by itself. Sure, I could have bought a drop-in, but that jacks up the total cost of the project. Not only that, but I designed the interior (spaced the frames, rail height, etc.) to distribute the forces of the specific seat I designed. Additional reinforcement, etc., might be needed to accommodate a drop-in seat. Performance might even change if a drop-in seat were not positioned correctly with respect to the center of flotation.

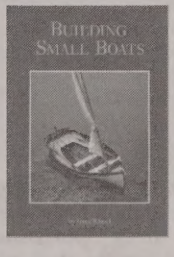
For the sliding mechanism, I bought an old pair of kid's roller blades at a yard sale and salvaged the wheels and axles. They work very well (new ones are available as spares at most sporting goods stores, make sure you get the axles.) A couple of L-shaped angles of aluminum have fashioned a perfect track and brass sheet was bent to fashion "keepers" so the seat won't lift off the track. The seat itself is plywood, flat, and I expect many will want to use a flotation cushion both for comfort and added safety. However, cushion thickness may be changed for rowers who want to experiment with shoulder height over the oarlocks.

Wing riggers hold the oarlocks. Adjustable oarlocks, like the Concept II style from Alden Rowing Shells, are expensive but worth the money. There are a number of important adjustments to be made for oarlock height, cant angle, etc., for the most comfortable and efficient rowing. These adjustments are shown on the plans and described in greater detail in the construction manual, which is optional when you buy the plans.

I recommend buying 8-1/2'-9' oars for P.J. Roar. Good sculling oars are worth the cost. I made a pair of 8-1/2" wooden spoon-blades and it took half as long to make them as it did the boat. Getting symmetry in both blades was quite challenging and my oars also ended up heavier than is ideal for sculling. You will probably be happiest with manufactured sculling oars.

Take your time learning to scull... it's not the same as jumping in a dinghy and rowing off, even though the principles are mostly the same. Be attentive to your balance and smoothness and build up your power gradually over a number of outings. The skills will come quickly. P.J. Roar will show you a great time on the water and should give you a satisfying workout!

John Nicholson Yacht Design LLC, Alexandria, VA, (703) 946-4635, www.jnicholson.net.



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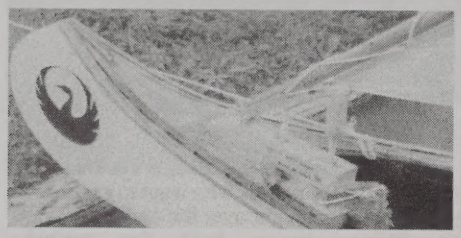
A Simple Sail Rig

(Inspired by *The $50, 5-Hour Canoe Sail Rig* By William C. Mantis)

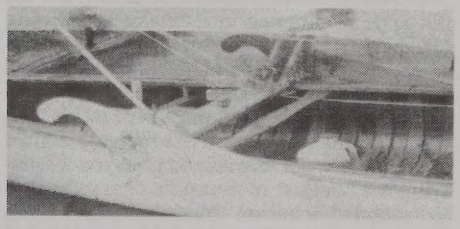
By Jeff Larnder WCHA #7153
Najundam@peoplepc.com

My search for an inexpensive canoe sail rig on the internet led me to Bill Mantis' web site, www.mediterraneanavenue.com. I was impressed with his book except for one small problem, his plans call for putting holes in the bow deck and gunwales to attach the rig. No way was I going to alter my 1920 Old Town OTCA that way! The following is a tale of my attempts to use this design without drilling holes in "my baby." Note, *The $50, 5-Hour Canoe Sail Rig* will explain the sail and mast much better than I can as well as a history of similar rigs and sailing technique



The yard is attached to an eyebolt in a padded wood clamp rather than an eyebolt through the bow deck.

The leeboard rig design is a common design used for wooden canoes. My leeboards were copied from a friend's and are larger than those in Mantis' book. The rig and boards were made from a 2'x 4'x5/8" piece of CDX plywood. The rig is attached by wood blocks tightened to the gunwales with eyebolts and T-nuts. The leeboards are attached similarly. They use two washers with a lock washer between against a nut at the end of the thread on the eyebolt. This provides tension to hold the boards down but allows the boards to tilt out of the way when any obstacle is struck.



Note that the leeboards are on backwards, the tapered edge should be to the rear. Oops!

The original mast of 5/8" dowel was weak and attached with wood clamps to either the seat or the leeboard rig. The current mast is made from 7/8" dowel and is much stronger. Note the inexpensive compass purchased at an auto parts store. Also note the "V-cleat" for the halyard. This mast is slightly long and may be shortened in the future. This view shows the connection at the top of the mast with pulley for the halyard.

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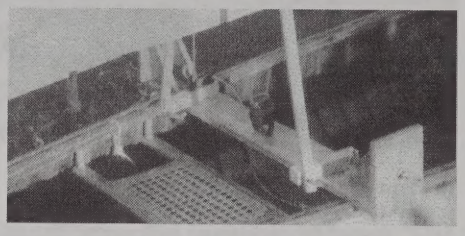
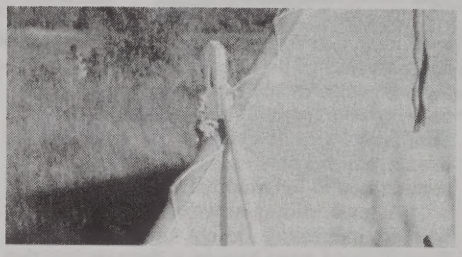


This view shows the rig without the leeboards attached.



This view shows connection at the top of the mast, with pullet for the halyard.

My sail is smaller than Mantis', on an 8' yard rather than 11'. This makes the yard fit inside my car, and when the sail is dropped the yard ends next to me, by the rear thwart. This allows me to paddle solo on either side without dismantling the rig. I can go from paddling to sailing in seconds by dropping the leeboards, positioning the batten, and raising the yard. However, this rig does take a brief amount of time to attach the parts to the canoe. I'm working on a way to break it down into an easy-to-carry package.

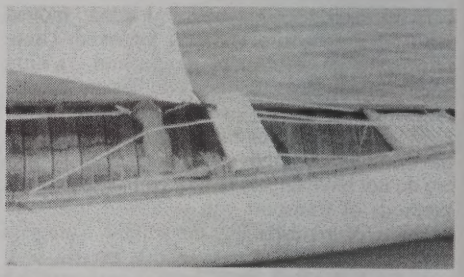
I am still learning to sail this rig. I am over-cautious and drop the sail whenever conditions get "unsettling." I have not yet let the rig heel over very much.

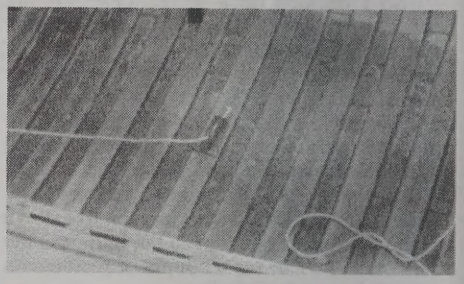
Here the complete rig is shown with the original mast. The sail is made from a lightweight camping tarp purchased from *Sportsman's Guide*. The sail is rigged low to deal with strong, gusty winds.

My batten is also modified from Mantis' design. It is attached to the sail by a screw eye through a grommet. The other end is notched to go over the line attaching the sail wherever it holds tight. I pass it through these loops when the sail is down to keep everything neat.

I kneel on padding and rest my bum on the rear thwart, padded with pipe insulation. I have a folding canoe seat but have not tried it yet. I steer with my paddle as described in Mantis' book.

The sheet is passed through a pulley (tied through openings in the gunwale at the stem deck and to a V-cleat attached where a toggle had been for holding down a floor that I no longer use). I had previously wrapped the sheet around the toggle that was there. I have not tested this V-cleat yet, it may not be held down very well by the one screw. I may use a larger screw but cringe at the thought of putting any new holes in "my baby."





I may attach the V-cleat to the gunwale with a bolt where there is a diamond head bolt for a removable carrying yoke. This may require a screw with a plastic wall anchor through the other hole in the cleat. This would fit the gap between the ribs.

Here is the current rig, shown without leeboards.

My rig may not be pretty or very fancy, but it is a simple way to take advantage of the wind and save on some paddling! I should note that I made the rig to be lazy, not for speed as did Bill Mantis. I may try a 10' yard, maybe a wooden flagpole, allowing the yard to be taken down into two parts. I still have the other half of the tarp for a second sail.

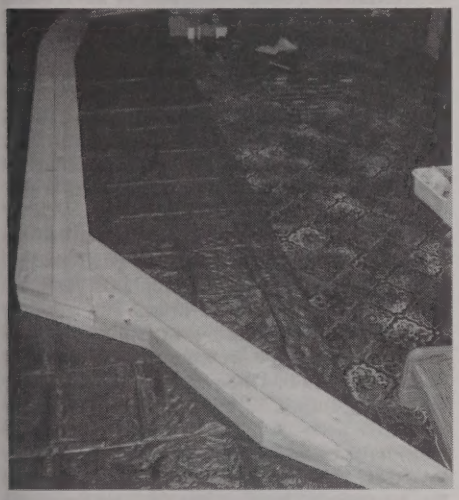
Sailing the rig is fun, and without a boom the worst I get when the wind changes is a face full of sail! I usually only need one leeboard in the water, but use both aids sailing close-hauled.

I would like to thank Bill Mantis for his book and several WCHA Chapter One members for their help and ideas, making it easier to "watch my weight" after each meeting!

Assembling the Laura Catherine 20 Keel

By Michael D. Dauscher
Three Rivers Marineworks
P.O. Box 614, New Haven, IN 46774-0614
<ThreeRiversMarineworks@juno.com>
www.3riversmarineworks.com

In my previous articles I introduced readers to the hull model, sail plan, and accommodations plans of the Laura Catherine 20, a shoal-draft weekending schooner. In this installment we will get to the actual construction of the boat.

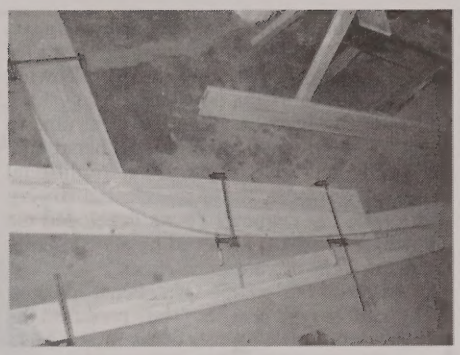


In designing the keel for the LC20 I decided she would need at least five laminations for the keel if a centerboard slot were to be integrated inside. I had originally drafted construction plans for the use of 1"x12" dimensional lumber. After checking out the price of suitable 1"x12" lumber at local lumberyards and boat lumber suppliers, I decided to alter the plans so that one could use 1"x6" material as an economical alternative.

The first-of-type Laura Catherine uses 1"x6" material exclusively in the keel. This was purely a budget conscious decision with the understanding that more glue and fasteners would be required, as well as doubling the workload. Now that the prototype keel is finished, I intend to revise the plans package so that the outermost lamination uses a few 1"x12"s merely to simplify the construction process. The majority of the keel assembly will still use the less costly 1"x6" material.

We decided to use resorcinol glue for the laminations, primarily because it is less toxic than epoxy and can be washed off with water before it cures. During assembly some of the keel laminations warped a bit and the resulting gaps will have to be planed down and filled with 3M 5200 adhesive sealant. I had hoped the need for fillers would be kept at a minimum, given the prohibitive cost of resorcinol and its waterproof characteristics. Unfortunately that did not pan out. If I were to build another keel I might be tempted to use the significantly cheaper plastic resin glue. Then I would seal all the joints with 5200 to prevent the plastic resin glue from eroding away after prolonged exposure to water. Most builders would probably just use epoxy to avoid all these problems. But I wanted to try something different, at least for the keel, given the prototype nature of the first-of-type.

The layout of the keel parts is very basic, composed mainly of the following parts: stern, main keel, fore keel, and stem parts. For the stem shape I simply used a pine batten and some nails to get a fair curve.



The remainder of the keel uses straight lines to simplify lofting. Lamination of the keel parts was fairly straightforward. It took three men approximately five hours to laminate the entire keel. I mixed the glue and did most of the fastening, while my crew slopped on the resorcinol with brushes. This included a lot of rest breaks and one potential mutiny by the crew at the end of the day. But a gratis dinner seemed to remedy any unsettledness. All in all, a good experience and many offers to help assemble more of the boat when the situation presents itself.

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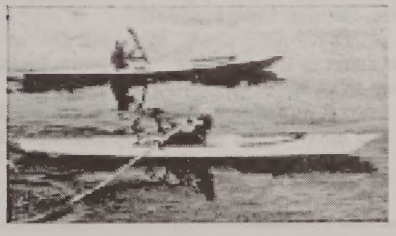

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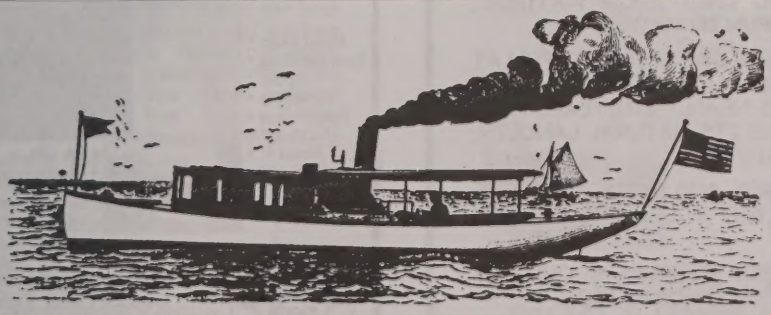

The new 95 foot Diesel yacht *Salty Breezes*, owned by J. Whiffington Whoof

Slip-Slide Your Boat With "Boat Slider Trax"

(Reprinted from TSCA Puget Sound)

By Harold Aune

Back in the mid-'80s Marie Hutchinson and myself were in the beginning years of establishing our business, Whitehall Rowing & Sail. With the rising popularity of kayaking and canoeing it seemed like the ideal time to bring back traditional rowing. What better boat to build and market than a traditional Whitehall rowboat, the quintessential rowing boat of the last century? So we developed the Whitehall Spirit 14, followed by several other classic designs of various vintages.

Many of our prospective clients lived on rocky, cobble type beaches. They preferred the utilitarian, bashable aspects of the more or less unrowable tin skiff to our boats which were more expensive and potentially could be scratched and chipped while launching across their beaches.

My father was a boatbuilder who, in the early '50s, for the family's use, built a nice wooden rowboat that I was allowed to use by myself once I had turned the age of seven or so. The rules of that privilege involved not letting the paint touch the beach or get scratched in any way. There was a steel keel strip on the bottom and it had a yew wood stem so it was tough enough to handle being dragged over the rocky beach where we kept it. We would lay out pieces of driftwood after wetting them in the saltchuck, and until I was old enough to manage by myself, my sisters or mom or dad would help to drag the boat down and into the water. Going back up was worse, it was uphill.

Thirty years later when our clients faced this problem, it was easy for me to understand. Beaches are a tough environment for boats and equipment. Whatever was used to transport boats over them had to be able to handle the abuse, both from the boat and the beach. Permanent railway tracks or concrete ramps cannot be built in exposed locations where the sea would destroy them in rough conditions. Permanent boat facilities are very expensive to build and in this era of environmental concern are often simply not allowed. We considered many alternatives such as laying down carpet-like mats or using wheeled carts or sleds, finally inspiration struck one night as I was dozing off to sleep. "Plastic pipe!" I exclaimed to my wife, "I think I've got it!"

"That's nice, dear," she said. "Now, tell me again in the morning," and promptly went back to sleep.

As it turned out, plastic pipe was not really the answer, but it was very close. Testing

Boat Slider Trax today.

proved that only high density polyethylene plastic was tough enough to handle the hostile beach environment. Unlike most plastics, it resists breakdown from UV radiation and does not become brittle in freezing conditions. But most importantly, it's slippery. The teflon-like surface makes pulling a boat across it glide like it's sliding on ice.

Our first Beach Hauler tracks were comprised of chain and HDPE skids. However, chain was impractical for a number of reasons, including cost, weight, and general ease of handling and installing. If you can imagine moving lengths of chain weighing hundreds of pounds along a shifting, unstable beach, you will have some idea of the problem.

More research and development revealed that light steel rod had many advantages over chain. Most significantly, the rods provided rigidity, which kept the skids properly spaced, while at the same time being flexible enough to adjust to the contours of the varying types of beach terrain. The rod is also heavy enough to keep the track reasonably stationary when left in position on a beach. And best of all, it could be assembled quickly and easily.

Anchoring the track was a consideration for those who planned to leave it in place for the boating season. Using the same principle as applied in the Danforth White anchor, a lightweight galvanized or stainless steel plate is buried in a shallow hole and connected to the ends of the track with a short chain bridle. simple, fast. and easy to install.

By 1990 we had what we then called the "Beach Hauler Track Systems" patented and ready to market. Within a couple of years we found that introducing a brand new product was a huge undertaking in both time and expense. Since then we chose to sell it to our boat customers or whoever picked up on it by word of mouth. The good news is that those who have been using them (over a thousand of them have been in use since 1990) absolutely love them, and they have a proven track record for longevity. This fall we felt the time was right to reintroduce the product under the name "Boat Slider Trax." Using the technology afforded by the web, we recently launched a website at www.boatslider.com where flash videos demonstrate how the various models perform and where they also can be purchased online.

Their advantages are obvious, no heavy lifting, making boat handling easy on the back as well as helping to save a boat's bottom. They even work well for hauling tin skiffs, rigid hulled inflatables, and other unmentionables.

Incredible Beach Hauler in 1989 advertisement

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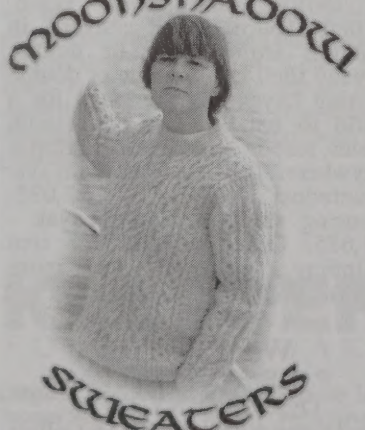

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Dragonfly:
A Glen-L Garvey Flats Boat

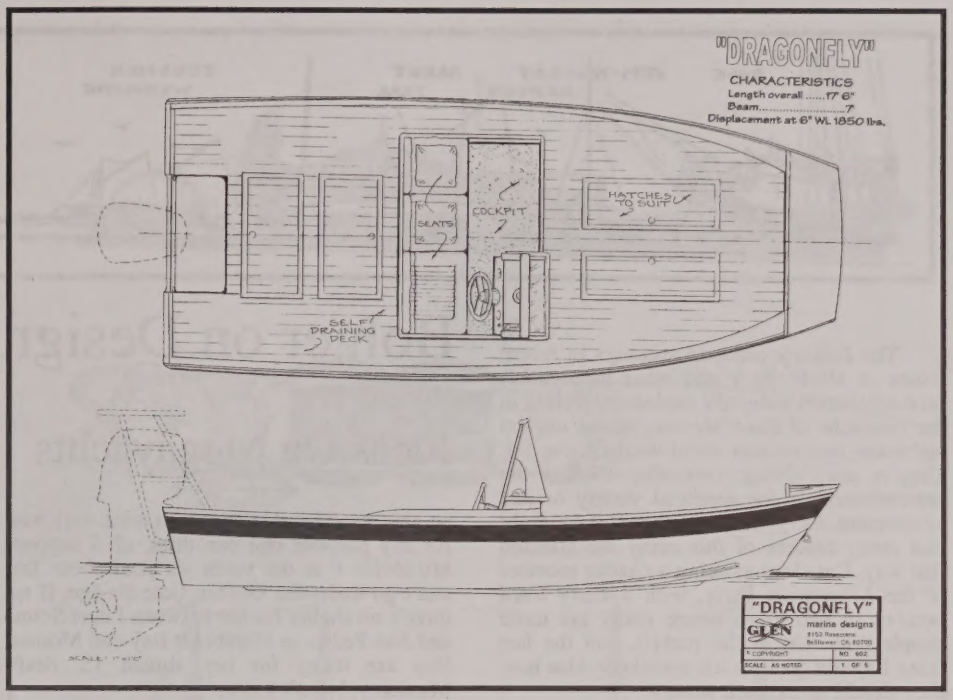
The Glen-L Dragonfly is a plywood hull that you can build yourself using the simple stitch-n-glue method of construction in which the seams are stitched together with copper wire and then filleted with epoxy putty and a layer of fiberglass tape is applied.

The Dragonfly is a garvey hull with a squared bow which provides more room than conventional hulls. The deck is recessed slightly below the sheer, resulting in a roomy play and work area. There is plenty of walk-around room for fishing, yet when traveling you sit in a spacious cockpit protected by a windscreen.

The hull bottom of the Dragonfly is flat in the aft section going into a moderate vee forward. This provides maximum buoyancy and this boat can get to those shallow areas in the backwaters and slither over areas that most vee bottoms can't navigate. The hull is remarkably stable with no severe rocking from side to side when moving across the boat. Plus, as a stable casting platform it allows the angler to concentrate on casting rather than balancing.

To simplify the building of the Dragonfly, Glen-L offers a frame kit with plans and instructions, a stitch-n-glue kit which includes everything to assemble the boat as well as an epoxy fiberglass covering kit.

For more information on this and over 200 other do-it-yourself boats, visit Glen-L's extensive website, www.Glen-L.com. You can view thousands of customer photos, read the monthly newsletter and various articles with lots of how-to information and tips, talk with other builders on the Boatbuilder Connection, and see which Glen-L designs are being built on the Project Registry. You can also call or write Glen-L Marine Designs, 9152 Rosecrans Ave., Bellflower, CA 90706, (562) 630-6258.



Characteristics

Length overall: 17'6"
Beam: 7'
Hull depth midship: 27"
Average passengers: 3
Hull weight (approx.): 550lbs.
Displacement: 6" @ 1,850lbs.

Cockpit size: 42"x60"
Power: Outboard motors 40-60hp for normal use, 135hp maximum
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"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

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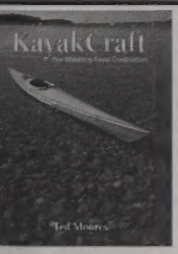

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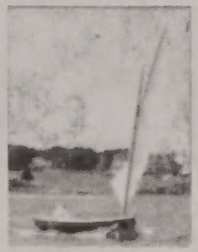

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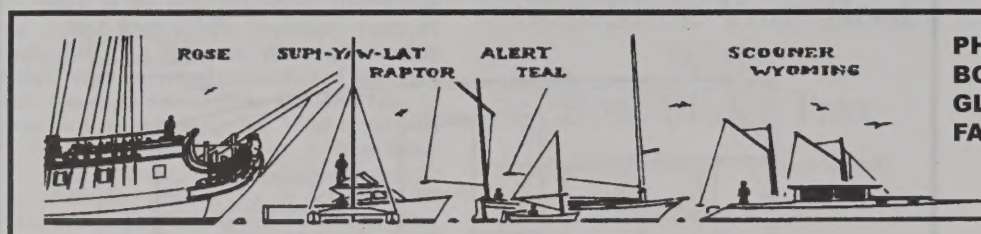

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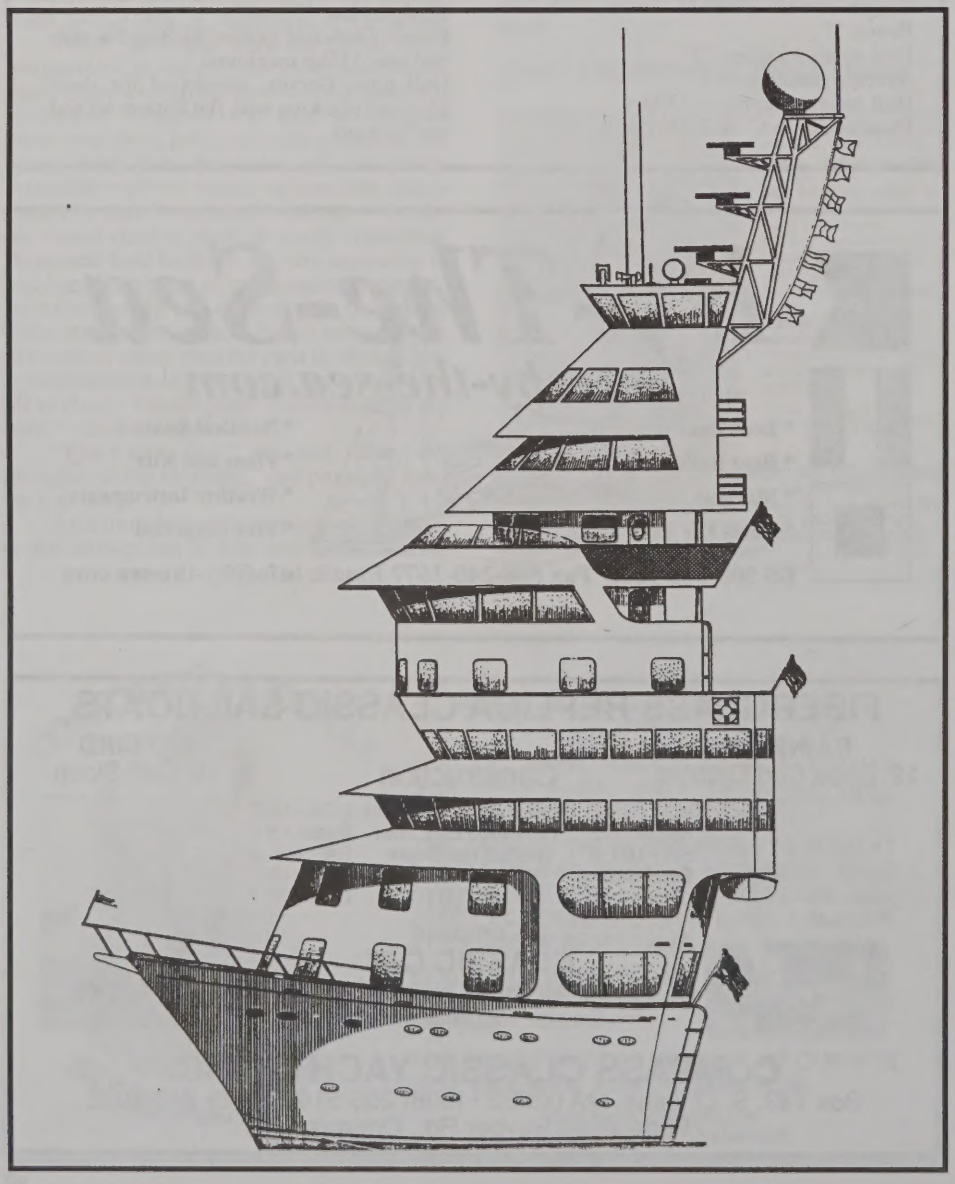
Bolger on Design

Ideas On Megayachts

The Editor's deadpan accounts in recent issues of *Mirabella V* and other megayachts probably leaves a slightly unpleasant feeling in the stomachs of most *Messing About* readers and some ruminations about what they're for. They're entertaining, certainly, whether the entertainment is the sorehead variety or just amusement. Envy, no doubt, though I do doubt that many readers of this essay are affected that way. I'm close to being a charter member of the Libertarian Party, with a Party Card number in two digits (there really are more people than that in the party!), and the last thing I would do is to tell somebody else how they should spend their money.

But there's no harm in suggesting that some of these vessels, of which *Mirabella V* is an extreme case, don't seem to work very well for any purpose one can think of. I suppose *Mirabella V* is the yacht we read about that can't go under the Golden Gate Bridge. If so, there's no shelter for her between Puget Sound and San Pedro, as Humboldt Bay and Morrow Bay are dicey for her almost 13' draft. Monterey, I don't know.

Start looking at charts and see where she cannot go. Social contacts will be restricted.



Everywhere she'll be in the ship channels or anchored far out in the open. If it blows hard enough, I doubt she does, or can, carry anchors that will hold the wind resistance of that mast and its staying. Tall masted boats have always notoriously been at risk and a danger to others in gales, and lately there've been several incidents of, for instance, America's Cup Class boats dragging ashore. The higher you go, the stronger the wind.

If the owner, designer, builder, etc. get satisfaction out of having the tallest mast in creation and came by the resources to get them more or less legitimately, it's no business of mine to say they don't have a right to it. But I can say none of them have much imagination, at least about vessels. Just for openers, it would be perfectly possible to design a ship of that length, breadth, and displacement that would draw 5' of water. That assumes a prismatic coefficient of .55 for those interested. She'd have a centerboard or leeboards which would not need ballasting more than enough to sink. Her range of stability could be as good, though not her power to carry sail.

But she would sail right by *Mirabella V*, including hard on the wind, because she would cheat by diverting some of that massive diesel power, some of which is running all the time anyway to power the hair dryers and Nintendo machines, into a propeller running all the time. It's surprising how little power it takes to make up for reduced sail drive and how little noise and vibration is necessary. The 5' draft vessel would have a pleasanter motion at sea and she would be a lot happier among the Bahama banks, for instance. She could have a very strong bottom and, for another instance, could lie over a tide behind the islands on the North Sea coast of Germany.

In fact, there are a lot of pretty and/or interesting places she could go that the big power yachts cannot because she wouldn't need the big (that is, deep) propellers they all have. They built some big auxiliary cruise ships a few years ago that took advantage of that to be able to lie a lot closer to the places they visited than the straight power ships could, better views, less problem getting the tourists ashore and off again, better shelter.

Apart from lack of imagination and insistence on windward speed without using engine boost, the main reason there are so few shoal-draft auxiliary yachts is that they're assumed to be unseaworthy. They don't have to be, as we've demonstrated over and over. Just last summer a 50-footer of our design, drawing 39", sailed here from England with no problems, and she'd been here and there around the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel, and the North Sea for years in all weather.

There are all kinds of other possibilities for megayachts. I've got a really rare book, *Yacht Architecture Revisited*, by Hub Miller. It was a last gift from Dr. Lindsay Lord, who got me my start in professional boat design. I've never seen another copy. It's a mine of stimu-

lating ideas, mostly based on good understanding.

The first one pictured is a caricature of the trend to piling up one layer of bridge on top of another on short, blunt hulls. A majority of the designs discussed are of comparatively modest and practical boats, but there are some wild ones as well, including the megayacht to end all megayachts (second drawing), 520' long, 8,500 tons, 12,000hp (the book was written something like 30 years ago, he'd give her twice as much power now, I'm sure). They all, including the caricatures, come complete with detailed hull lines and almost all of them, including the super-megayacht, have elaborate inboard arrangement plans and renderings showing them in action.

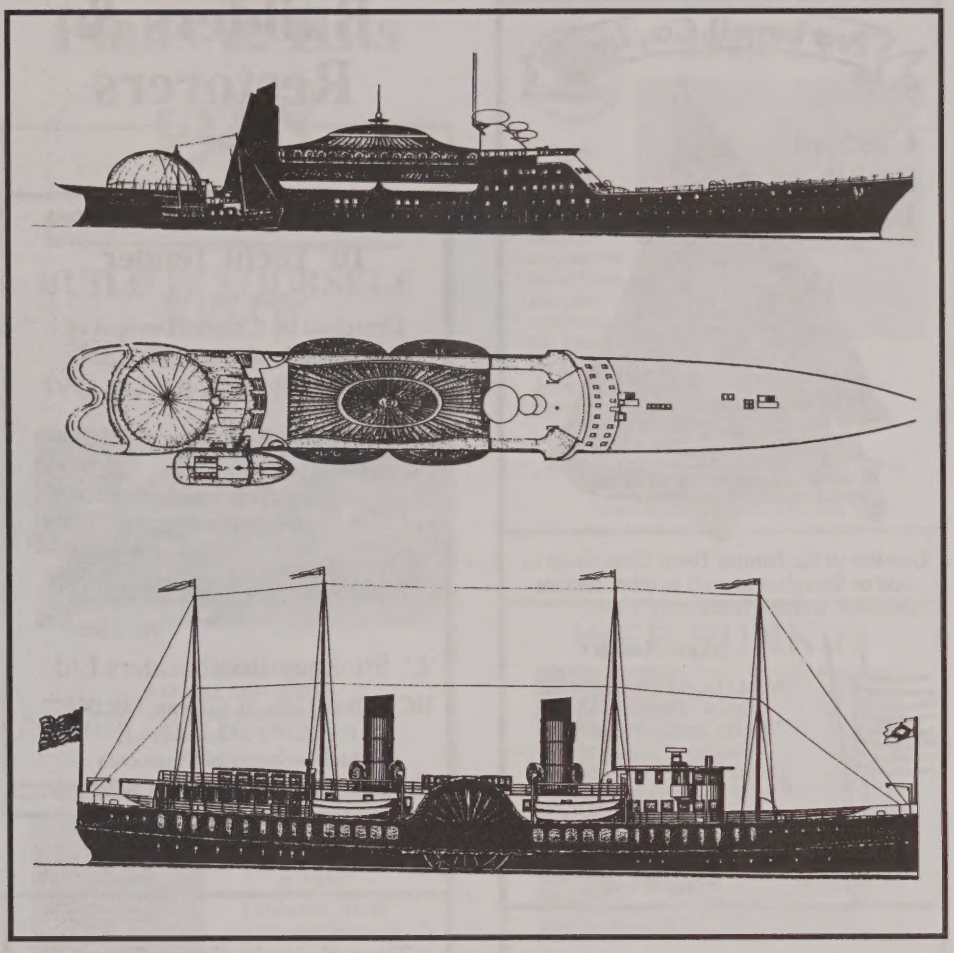
The one I mainly wanted to show was the 260' side-wheeler (third drawing). I find it surprising that there aren't any new side-wheel, or stern-wheel for that matter, yachts. We've designed two side-wheelers and one stern-wheeler, all very small (we'll be showing one of them, launched last fall, in an upcoming issue). But big ones, for river and lake work, including coastwise in decent weather, have real possibilities. A hundred years ago they were big, fast (23 knots was the fastest I know of), and striking to look at.

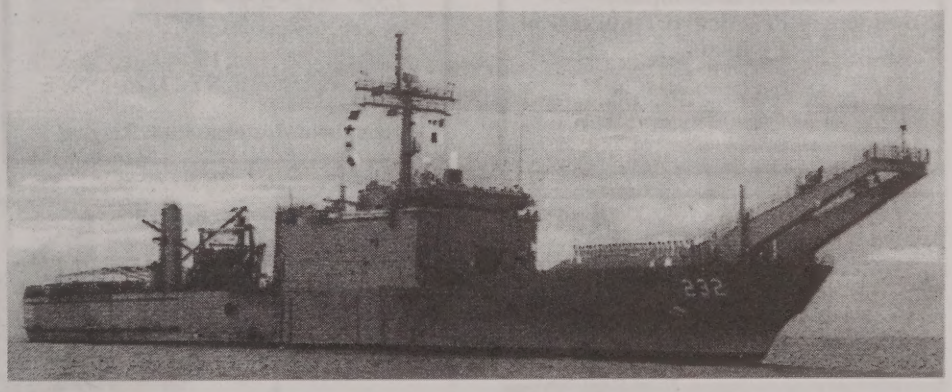
However, it's customary when writing about megayachts, or about any expensive whim, to dwell on what could have been done with the money to further some Good Cause the writer is enthusiastic about. So, just as a suggestion, here are two photos of the tank landing ship *Chung Ho* of the republic of China (Taiwan). ex-*U.S.S. Manitowoc* (from *Combat Fleets of the World* by A. D. Baker III) She's 561' overall, 5,000 tons, 16,500hp. The U.S. Navy had 20 of the class at one time and a fleet of them and of some related classes have been sold away. I'd guess that some of them, if not all, were sold for less than megayacht cost.

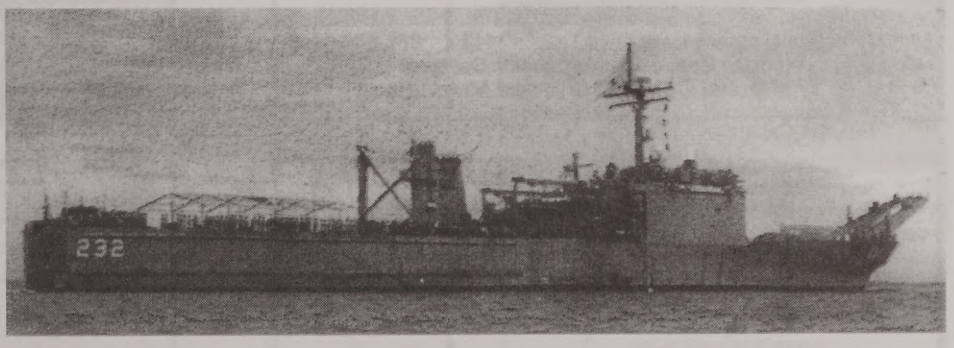
Two scenarios: First, painted white with gilded trim and fitted up with palatial accommodations (that is, like an upscale motel), with her tank deck full of Ferraris and Humvees. She can land the latter straight on to a beach, along with a truck to lay down a hard surface for the Ferraris. Her afterdeck accommodates two or three Jet Ranger helicopters. She would be a megayacht to upstage Hub Miller's vision. So much for vanity.

Second scenario: Suppose she was equipped with a modest hospital and assorted emergency supplies and equipment. If she'd been anywhere near one of the tsunami disaster areas the owner could tell his skipper, or go in person, to lend assistance. Plenty of disasters, Caribbean hurricanes, for instance, are more or less predictable. It wouldn't be hard to plan to be near enough to get there when most needed. These ships can cruise at 20 knots so they could keep out of the track of the storm and come in behind it to help pick up the pieces. There might be as much satisfaction in it as in breaking a transatlantic record.

A foundation could be set up to buy three of these ships, one for each ocean, or more if the founder had no better use for the money they would cost, and fit them out densely with emergency equipment like powerful watermakers and electric generators and a hold full of ambulances and bulldozers which, again, she can land on an open beach if port facilities or shore transportation infrastructure has been destroyed. They would operate under U.N. direction but the Founder might be entitled to stay on board when the ship wasn't at full







stretch dealing with a crisis. Failing this he could, of course, fund one more of the Scenario One types for his own personal use.

One last thought: It's possible to build comparatively cheap, like a couple or three million dollars each, smaller beach landing vessels with more capacity and speed than most people would think. A numerous fleet of these might be more useful in the countries that consist of a lot of islands, like the Philippines or Vanuatu, or have long coastlines like Sri Lanka, than much bigger ships.

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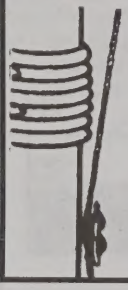

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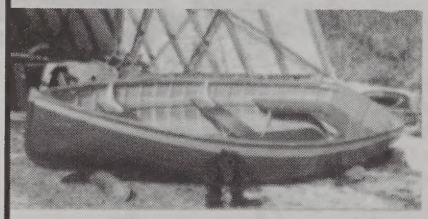

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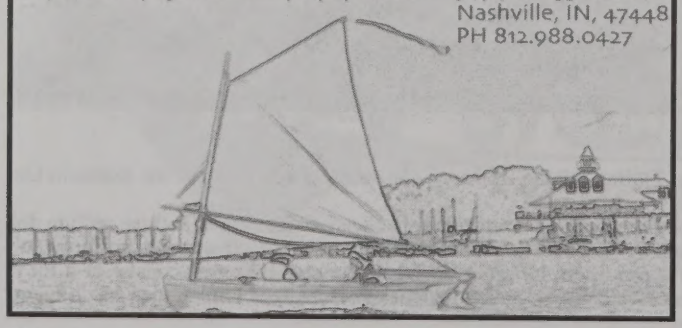

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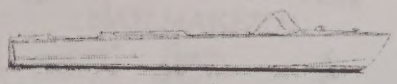

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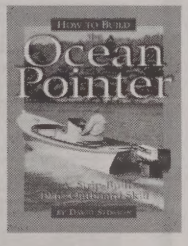

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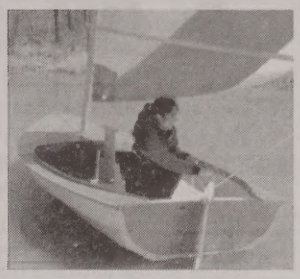

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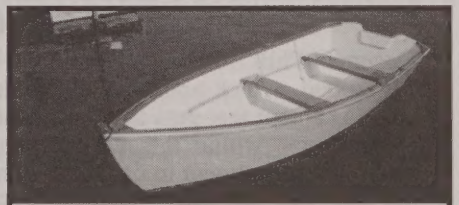

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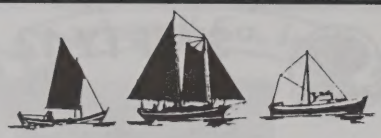

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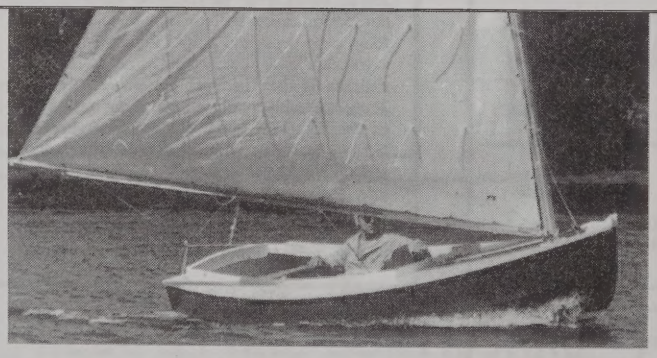

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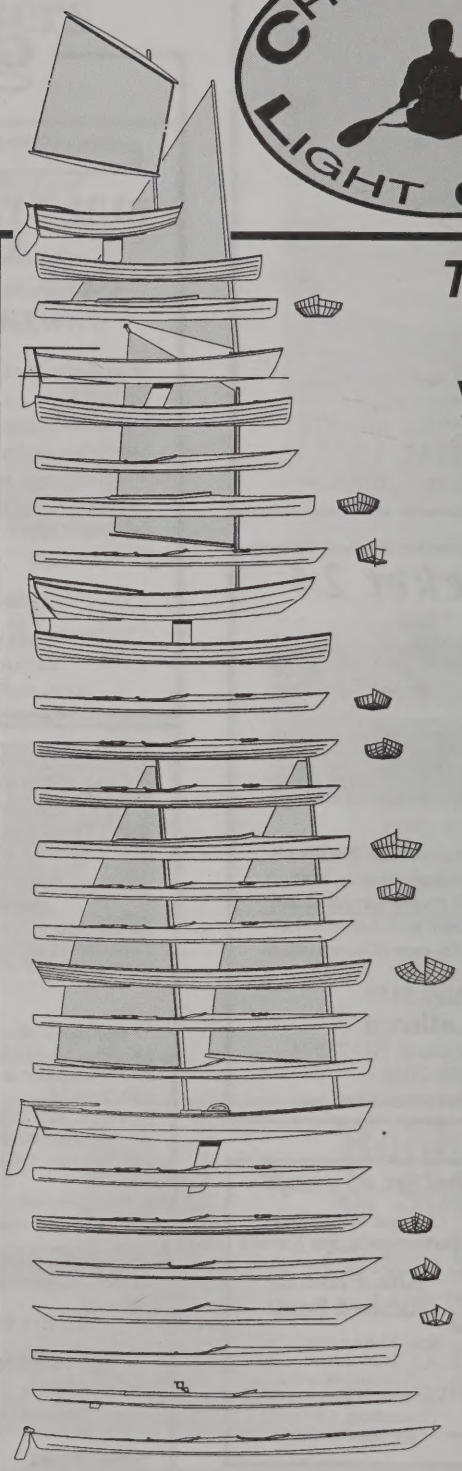

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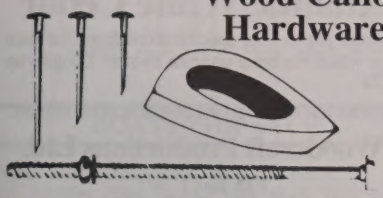

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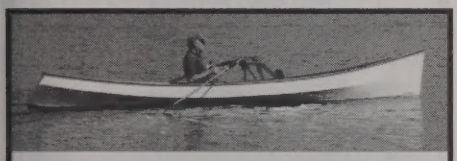

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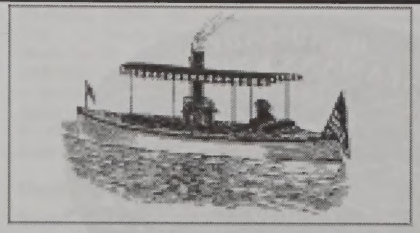

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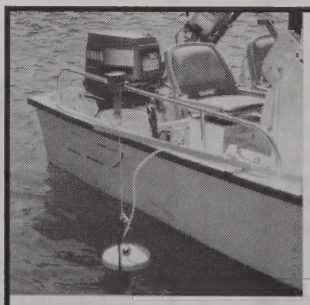

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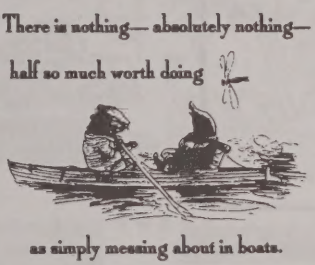

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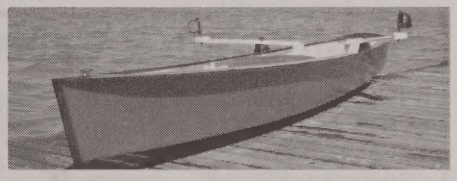

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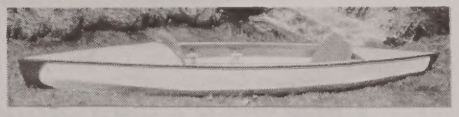

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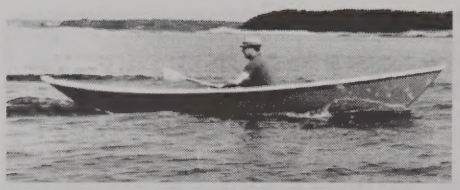

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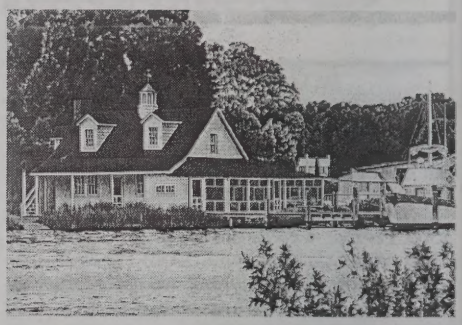

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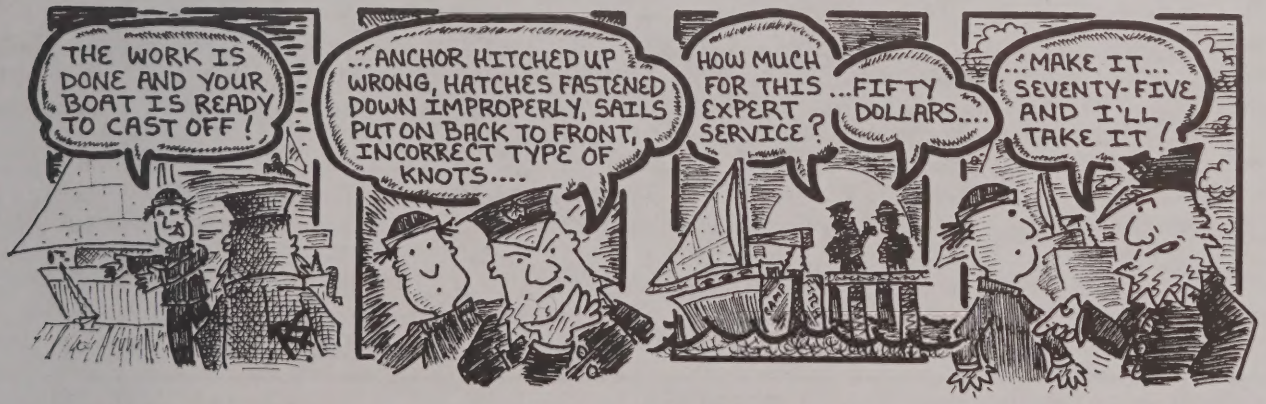
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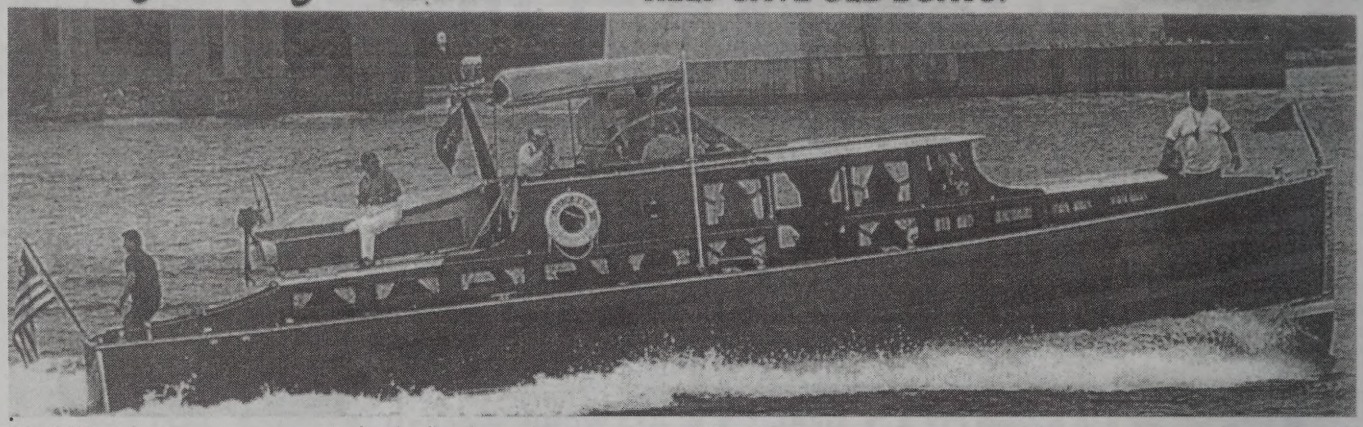

1930 48' Huckins Avocette was ready for the fireplace when Jerry Bass of New Jersey rescued her and spent four years bringing her back to life. She is seen here at last year's Classic Yacht Cruise in Newport, RI.

Bone Yard Boats
National Newsletter Seeks A New Owner/Publisher

The time has come when editing and publishing my newsletter devoted to saving good old boats that otherwise might be scrapped is becoming too much for me to handle. I am 74 and have published *Bone Yard Boats* for the past eight years. It would not be fair to my subscribers if I had to abruptly cease publication to take care of personal matters.

I have been told many times that "it should continue." And over the years readers' comments have been so supportive and it's encouraging to me that it fills a needed niche. I'm quite happy to recently learn that *Bone Yard Boats* was responsible for saving the *Ethel Lewis*, a 1906 42' skipjack we listed as a derelict in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It was saved by a reader from Virginia who had her barged to Norfolk for restoration. And we saved a 1940s 38' Wheeler that was abandoned at a shipyard on Long Island. The Spring issue will have the full stories about these two boats plus new listings and other items of interest.

I continue to enjoy editing and publishing *Bone Yard Boats* and it pleases me to know that it is accomplishing its intended mission. I will continue to publish all issues until I locate a new owner, but finding the right person with the interest and ability to take it over is now important to its survival. Interested readers are invited to contact me for details.

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